

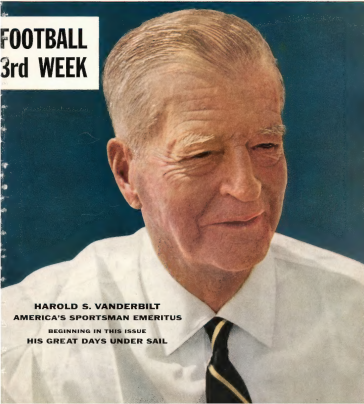
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

OCTOBER 15, 1956

a Time Inc. weekly publication

25 CENTS
\$7.50 A YEAR

FOOTBALL
3rd WEEK

A close-up portrait of an elderly man with light-colored hair, wearing a white dress shirt and a dark tie with yellow diagonal stripes. He is looking slightly downwards and to the right with a gentle expression. The background is a solid dark blue.

HAROLD S. VANDERBILT
AMERICA'S SPORTSMAN EMERITUS

BEGINNING IN THIS ISSUE
HIS GREAT DAYS UNDER SAIL



Born 1820...still going strong



Red Label—Black Label—both 50.5 proof.

MEET A GREAT SCOT! Johnnie Walker is the toast of people of good taste. At their clubs, in their homes, he's always present. Join Johnnie Walker's wide circle of friends. You'll enjoy a Scotch of natural lightness and truly superb flavour. Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., *Sole Importer.*

JOHNNIE WALKER *Blended Scotch Whisky*



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1 column — 8 1/2 W	183	175
1/2 column — 8 1/2 W	100	95
1/4 column — 8 1/2 W	55	50
Agate Line	1.93	1.85
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Circulation base: 60,000





WEST COAST REGIONAL EDITION

RATES:

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century boat company, box 350, manistee, michigan



arabian 18



resorter 16



raven 22

Sportswear ILLUSTRATED



Alan Ameche, Wisconsin, Baltimore Colts, 1955 pro all-star full-back, wears Jantzen "Good Mixer" Khazeforce cardigan... washable, durably mothproofed with Miltex®... 14.95. At leading stores.

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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

A MONTH FROM NOW, about 10 days before the start of the Olympic Games on November 22, Assistant Managing Editor Andre Laguerre, accompanied by Staff Writer Roy Terrell, Reporter Mary Snow and two photographers, will open the headquarters for the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED editorial team at the Graham Hotel in Melbourne. Staff Writer Coles Phinix, flying from New York after the closing of November 19 Olympic preview issue, and Special Contributor Roger Banister, flying from London on leave from medical duties, will arrive a few days later.

Laguerre's well-rounded team is strong on experts, with Terrell and Banister on track and field, Snow on women's sports and Phinix on both swimming and Australia itself, from which he reported last year (SI, July 25, 1955) the down under preparations for the Olympics.

As captain of the team, Laguerre is a veteran Olympics reporter. While chief of TIME Inc.'s Paris bureau he covered the St. Moritz Winter Olympics for TIME in 1948; while chief of the London bureau, the Helsinki Games four years later. And this year, shortly before he left his London post to join our staff, Laguerre covered the 1956 Winter Games at Cortina for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

Even in this comparative quiet before the storm, the heads of our Australian-bound team are whirling with names, facts and figures—for, with well over 5,000 athletes from 74 countries competing in 144 events in 17 different sports, the Olympic Games are about as intricate as sports can get.

As one aid to statistical law and order, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has put together a XVth Olympiad Fact Wheel, which simplifies matters considerably in one of the sports this country traditionally follows most closely. Officially sanctioned by the U.S. Olympic Committee, it lists the members of this year's team in men's and women's swimming, their trial times and distances, the Olympic records for the events and a great deal of other pertinent information.

We're pretty sure that anybody who cares about the Olympics will be glad he has one. And for \$1 we'll be especially glad to send you one—because your dollar will go straight to the U.S. Olympic Fund.



Henry Phillips

*New as
Tomorrow
—lighter than
light weights*
BROWNING

The NEW Twentyweight Double Automatic Shotgun

Newest of the new—a 6 pound 12 gauge automatic shotgun, weighing less than most 20 gauge models. Possesses every advantage of a 20 gauge in weight, balance and handling qualities... yet with the hit-ability possible only with the larger, heavier pattern of a 12. Designed specifically for field hunting. Special steel 29½-inch barrel with non-ventilated rib or plain matted barrel. Strikingly handsome Dragon Black receiver with exquisite hand engraving in Gold.

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For the many shooters who want the lightning speed of an ultra light weight over-under Superposed. Weighs only 7 pounds in 12 gauge, 6 pounds in 20 gauge. Identical to the regular Superposed except in weight—the same superb balance; the same meticulous craftsmanship and matchless beauty. Grades I through V. Ventilated rib models only. With extra sets of barrels on special order.

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Twentyweight Double Automatic shotgun
from \$143

Lightning Superposed shotgun
from \$275

Lightweight .22 Automatic rifle
from \$69.00

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**COVER: HAROLD S. VANDERBILT**

The days of American sportsmen, who appear on the cover this week, is a many-sided and fascinating personality. Three times successful defender of the America's Cup, yachting's most coveted trophy, Vanderbilt also invented contract bridge, plays an exuberant game of tennis and is a sporting competitor without peer. For his exclusive story, turn to page 75.

Advertisement on page 42

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THE WORLD SERIES: GREAT AMERICAN CLIFF HANGER

18

This time it had everything: melodrama and suspense, high excitement and deep despair; a real, a comeback, and then a fellow named Doc Larsen. Here it is, in words and pictures

SPECTACLE: EAST GERMAN SPORTS FESTIVAL

34

Leipzig's big show, photographed by JOCKEY BLUME, was like nothing seen in Deutschland since the days of Adolf Hitler

PAR'S NEW DAUGHTERS

39

Our junior women golfers, HERBERT WARREN WIND finds, are full of joyful promise

THE GREAT MAMMOTH HUNT IN ARIZONA

52

The stirring drama of a hunt by prehistoric man 10,000 years ago is re-created by a distinguished author, LINCOLN BARNETT, and a two-page painting IN COLOR by ERIC MORE

FOOTBALL'S THIRD WEEK: NEWS & VIEWS FROM ACROSS THE COUNTRY

66

Reports on the week's top games, a national roundup, HERMAN HICKMAN's column and HUNCHES

AN SI SPECIAL: BEGINNING: THE VANDERBILT STORY

75

For the first time the cover of America's sportsman magazine, under extraordinary and unusual of unusual bridge, is reported in full. First of four parts, by GORDON FLEMPTON

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**IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE****THE WATERFOWL SEASON**

A report from the nation's flyways, with maps, pictures and the Joel Barker duck decoys

SAROYAN AND RIGER

The great playwright's own interpretation of the World Series, with highlight drawings

PLUS: FOOTBALL'S FOURTH WEEK: MIAMI-MARYLAND IN COLOR



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JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX

The Questions

Do you think the U. S. Government, like many other governments, should subsidize our Olympic team?

LANE DWINELL



Governor
New Hampshire

The U.S. Government should help in part, only if the Olympic Committee is in great difficulty. There are two good things about the present system. First, public appeals for funds arouse public interest. Second, our Government's policy of not subsidizing athletics is basically sound.

JOSEPH P. KELLY



Commissioner of
Motor Vehicles
State of New York

The Government really should help, but public subscription should continue. Some years ago, General MacArthur suggested an Olympic foundation, the interest to be used for the Games. I'd like to see a fund of \$20 million. The Government could properly contribute a part of this fund.

ASA BUSHNELL



Secretary
U.S. Olympic
Committee

No. The U.S. Olympic team belongs to the public. We want to keep it that way. In past years, the team has gone to the Games before the budget was balanced. Nevertheless, we have always been able to balance the budget later on and pay our bills. Government help would lessen public interest.

EDDIE EAGAN



Chairman
Olympic Fund
Raising Committee

No. I like the present system where the public is privileged to contribute. We could, of course, go to rich individuals and get a lot of money. But isn't it better to have a million or more give their pennies, quarters and dollars? This adds a great deal of interest to the Games.

REV. A. WALSH MURRAY, S.J.



Synagogue, N.Y.
Le Moyne College
Psychology professor

Yes. Currently, the Olympics are on an uneven basis. I have often thought that the attitude of our officials is an unrealistic one on the unrealistic side. To be truly realistic—to see what is really "there"—is to be sane. Sanity suggests federal completion of inadequate subscription funds.

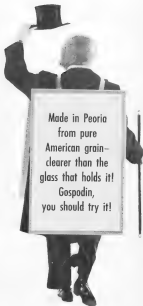
ELEANOR HOLM



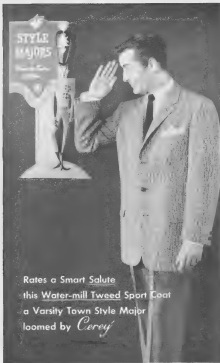
New York
Former Olympic
winning champion

Yes. It's ridiculous for the U.S. not to while others subsidize their athletes. Why can't we, the richest nation, pay the bare expenses of our athletes? That would help to eliminate some of the evil and deadwood in the AAU, which now has a monopolistic stranglehold on athletes.

continued on page 8



80 AND 100 PROOF
DISTILLED FROM GRAIN
HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC.
PEORIA, ILLINOIS



Rates a Smart Salute
to this Water-mill Tweed Sport Coat
a Varsity Town Style Major
loomed by *Corey*

There's commanding style leadership in Varsity Town's own, original, husky yarn, nubby weave, misty nap Water-mill Tweed. There's a major style point in the way lively triple tones match various slacks. There's major style authority in trim, natural shoulder "Straitly" modeling.

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The New Store, Del Mar



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J. GORDON BRIDGE



Director of Sports
Armed Forces Radio
Service

Yes. A good preparation of our Olympic team is in the armed forces.

The Defense Department has been subsidizing their training and interest in competition. It's logical to carry this program one step further and have the Government pay the expenses of all the team members.

ARTHUR DALEY



New York Times
Sports columnist

No. That would be an encroachment of socialism on one of the remaining outposts of free enterprise. The Olympics are idealism.

In present form, bureaucratic control would stifle them. They're sport, not an armament race. If the Olympics lose their true character, they should be abandoned.

JOSÉ HERRERA USLAR



Venezuela
Former Venezuelan
diplomat

Where the program is very large, the government should help. My country is small. Help from the government is not necessary because public-spirited men are ready to help any worthy cause. As an example, I've brought 1,300 European children refugees to Venezuela for adoption.

OSWALD EDWARD WHITEHEAD



Darien, Conn.
President, Seabrook
(U.S.A.), Ltd.

It's my misfortune to see two sides to every question. My country, England, and the U.S. are wrong. The truly democratic approach

is that a man with necessary skill should be able to train and represent his country regardless of finances. State funds should be available.

continued on page 10

11

Second prize is a Fijian kava bowl, just the thing for convivial occasions, and not unattractive. Third prize is a stuffed 14-pound New Zealand Rainbow Trout; we're sorry we couldn't get a large one for you, but that's the breaks. Fourth through 100th prizes are smallish koala bears and Qantas old school ties, one of each. All entrants will receive Certificates of Citizenship in Qantasylvania suitable for framing.

P.S. Say, I hear the Pacific Area Travel Association is taking away an Island. Could you send me one of their contest blanks?

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To earn its chronometer certificate each Rolex spends 15 days in a Swiss government testing station. It must prove its accuracy at room temperature, in a refrigerator, in an oven . . . in five different positions. If most literally stand on its head! Rolex has passed these tests 330,000 times—more than all other makes combined.

Ask the finest jeweler you know to show you this (Style 6585) Rolex Oyster Perpetual—the 25-jewel, waterproof, self-winding wrist chronometer. In hand-finished 14 kt. gold, it costs \$550. F. E. I.

Ask for brochure . . . "The Man's Watch" featuring leading Rolex timepieces.



ROLEX
OYSTER PERPETUAL

A Leadership in the History of Time Measurement

AMERICAN ROLEX WATCH CO., 560 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

KOTBOX

continued from page 8

DUNCAN McMARTIN

Montreal Pioneer



No. If subscription turns out to be inadequate, gentlemen sportsmen should underwrite the Games. I believe we do that in Canada. If we don't, we should. Unfortunately, the Olympics are now country against country rather than amateurs competing for fun.

WARREN LEE PIERSON

Chairman of the Board, Trans World Airlines



No. Voluntary subscriptions are invaluable in promoting interest for the Olympics. A country as rich as ours can certainly raise enough money once every four years to train and send our few young men and women to the Olympics. Where the Government contributes, it also controls.

PRINCE IGOR MESCHERSKY

New York Documentary film producer



No. From firsthand experience with the Communists, I know how the Reds operate. They are using the Olympics principally for world propaganda. It would be better for the U.S. to treat the Russian athletes with pure amateurs and voluntary contributions for their expenses.

NEXT WEEK:

What incident in your life made you realize you are not as young as you used to be? (Asked at Washington, D.C. Touchdown Club)



It's that
amazing purple motor oil

AMERICA'S FINEST MOTOR OIL, here poured into clear crystal to show you its unique color, prolongs your engine's trouble-free performance for thousands of miles. Purple Royal Triton — now in new all-weather 5-30 and 10-30 grades at new car dealers and service stations in most areas of the U.S. and Canada and Union 76 Stations in the West.

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Man's idea: rugged after shave lotion, with just enough sting to make you shiver...a little. 150 proof, made to use every day...or as often as you shave. \$1. plus tax.

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OPENING NOVEMBER 9 at YOUR NEAREST BOAT DEALERS

See the full line of brand new 1957 Trojan cruisers and runabouts, both inboard and outboard, right in your own area at the showrooms of your Trojan boat dealer! On display for the first time, these beautiful 1957 models demonstrate once again Trojan's leadership in the design of boats that are famous for performance, safety and comfort. Don't miss this chance to see what while you can be sure of finding the one model that's right for you and your family at the right price, too! Remember! This is the only season of the year that you can see the new Trojan line in one convenient location!

LANCASTER 8, PENNA.

COMING EVENTS

October 12 to October 23

● TV ★ COLOR TV ● NETWORK RADIO

ALL TIMES E.S.T. EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE NOTED

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12

Boxing

- Johnny Sullivan vs. Roy Calhoun, middleweights (10 rds.), Cleveland Arena, Cleveland, 10 p.m. (NBC)

Football

- Miami vs. Maryland, Miami, Fla.

Horse Racing

- Ladies' Handicap, \$50,000, 3-yr.-olds and up, Blues & mares, 1 1/2 m., Belmont Pk., N.Y.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13

Boxing

- Safari Cup, unlimited weights, Lake Mead, Ariz. (also Oct. 14).

Boxing

- Tony De Marco vs. Kid Gavilan, middleweights (10 rds.), Boston.

Football

- (Leading college games)

EAST

- Roston U. vs. George Washington, Raydon.
- Bowdoin vs. Amherst, Brunswick, Me.
- Brown vs. Dartmouth, Providence, R.I.
- Columbia vs. Yale, New York.
- Cornell vs. Harvard, Ithaca, N.Y.
- Delaware vs. Bucknell, Newark, Del.
- Maine vs. New Hampshire, Orono, Me.
- Massachusetts vs. Connecticut, Amherst, Mass.
- Pennsylvania vs. Princeton, Philadelphia.
- Penn State vs. Holy Cross, University Pk., Pa. (1:15 p.m. (NBC)). Also to watch: Penn State's Race (L7) and Holy-Cross-Sardiers (2:50).
- Springfield vs. Colby, Springfield, Mass.
- Syracuse vs. West Virginia, Syracuse, N.Y.
- Yale vs. Trinity, Medford, Mass.
- Wesleyan vs. Haverford, Middletown, Conn.
- Williams vs. Middlebury, Williamstown, Mass.

SOUTH & SOUTHWEST

- Alabama vs. TCU, Tuscaloosa, Ala.
- Arkansas vs. Baylor, Fayetteville, Ark.
- Cal vs. SMU, Oakland, N.C.
- Florida vs. Rice, Gainesville, Fla.
- Georgia Tech vs. LSU, Atlanta.
- Kentucky vs. Auburn, Lexington, Ky.
- Mississippi vs. Vanderbilt, Oxford, Miss.
- North Carolina vs. Georgia, Chapel Hill, N.C.
- North Carolina St. vs. Florida St., Raleigh, N.C.
- Tennessee vs. Chattanooga, Knoxville.
- Texas vs. Oklahoma, Dallas.
- Tulane vs. Navy, New Orleans, 3:50 p.m. (ABC).
- Wake Forest vs. Clemson, Wake Forest, N.C.

WEST

- Illinois vs. Ohio State, Champaign, Ill. (1:05 E.D.T. (NBC)). Also to watch: Illinois' Mitchell (22) and Ohio State's Elwood (24).
- Iowa vs. Wisconsin, Iowa City, Iowa.
- Iowa State vs. Kansas, Ames, Iowa.
- Marquette vs. Boston College, Milwaukee.
- Michigan vs. Army, Ann Arbor, Mich.
- Michigan State vs. Indiana, East Lansing, Mich.
- Minnesota vs. Northwestern, Minneapolis.
- Minnesota vs. North Dakota State, Columbia, Mo.
- Nebraska vs. Kansas State, Lincoln, Neb.
- Notre Dame vs. Purdue, South Bend, Ind.
- Texas vs. Oklahoma A&M, Tulsa, Okla.

continued on page 15

THE BIGGEST NEWS YET
FROM
THE *FORWARD* LOOK

**COMING
THE
NEWEST
NEW CARS
IN
20 YEARS**



TOTAL NEWNESS: During the past few years, The *Forward Look* has opened America's eyes to many bright new ideas in styling and engineering. Now comes the biggest! For 1957 Chrysler Corporation will present five complete lines of cars with total newness! In whatever price range you choose, from Plymouth to Imperial, in any of 93 models you fancy . . . you will find there the newest new cars in 20 years!

NEW STYLE: So striking, so right, so in tune with the future of car design that it's called the new-structure system! There are high-flying fairs and dramatic lozenges—yet greater comfort than ever, more room where you need it most!

NEW RIDE: the outstanding engineering advance of 1957! Tremor-free . . . it carps the road! Chrysler Corporation's engineers have created a new kind of suspension that carries you smoothly on any surface! It virtually eliminates "rear wheel corner" and "dive" in fast stops!

NEW TRANSMISSION: Torqueflite: the smoothest and widest transmission yet in going from full stop to driving speeds . . . controlled by the no-leak miracle of push-button!

NEW BRAKES: All five Chrysler Corporation cars will have the modern Binary Total-Contact Brakes . . . requiring 30% less toe pressure . . . with twice the resistance to "brake fade" . . . with up to 38% longer brake lining life!

NEW PERFORMANCE: The engines in Chrysler Corporation's 1957 cars will have greater displacement—better performance with power for precision control in every driving situation.

NEW VISIBILITY: With bigger windshields than ever before and greater glass area all around, you will see better and have a wonderful new feeling of openness!

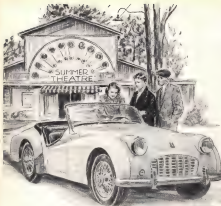
You will also enjoy Chrysler Corporation's exclusive full-line power steering . . . new single-unit heater and air conditioner . . . and many other features you will not find in other cars this year!

Before you buy any car, wait and let your dealer show you what The *Forward Look* has achieved for '57. Then compare as you've never compared before!

CHRYSLER CORPORATION  **THE *FORWARD* LOOK**

See the Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, Chrysler and Imperial beginning October 30th

OFFICIAL CAR OF CHRYSLER CREDIT



*\$1,000,000.
Worth of Fun
for \$2599.*

110 miles per hour • 100 horsepower

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COMING EVENTS

FAR WEST

Colorado vs. Colorado A&M, Boulder, Colo.
Idaho vs. Arizona State, Moscow, Idaho.
● Oregon State vs. California, Corvallis, Ore.,
1:40 p.m. P.S.T. (NBC*). Men to watch: Oregon
State's Darden (24) and California's Stewart (10).
Stanford vs. San Jose State, Palo Alto, Calif.
UCLA vs. Washington State, Los Angeles.
Utah vs. Denver, Salt Lake City.
Washington vs. Oregon, Seattle.
Wyoming vs. New Mexico, Laramie, Wyo.

Horse Racing

Heartline Gold Cup, \$180,000, 3-yr.-olds & up,
7 1/2 m., Belmont Pk., N.Y.
The Flamingo, \$50,000, 2-yr.-old colts and fillies,
6 1/2 f., Belmont Pk., N.Y.
Jockey Club Gold Cup, \$50,000, 3-yr.-olds & up,
2 m., Belmont Pk., N.Y.

Olympics

Australian trials, Olympic Pk., Melbourne.
U.S. Olympic track & field team exhibition meet,
San Francisco.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 14

Auto Racing

Langhorne National Sportsman race, 100 m.,
Langhorne, Pa.

Football

● Professional (CBS*)
Chicago Bears vs. San Francisco, Chicago.
Cleveland vs. New York, Cleveland.
Detroit vs. Los Angeles, Detroit.
Green Bay vs. Baltimore, Milwaukee.
Pittsburgh vs. Philadelphia, Pittsburgh.
Washington vs. Chicago Cardinals, Washington.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 15

Boxing

● Tiger Hart vs. Earl Dennis, welterweights (10
rds.), 51 Wick's, New York, 10:30 p.m. (Columbia)

Horse Racing

New York Handicap, \$25,000, 3-yr.-olds & up,
1 1/4 m., Belmont Pk., N.Y.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 16

Boxing

Western Hemisphere Snipe Class championships,
Beverly (through October 20).

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17

Boxing

● Isaac Lagart vs. Gasser Orrego, welterweights
(10 rds.), 8:30 p.m. (ABC).
● U.S. Olympic Trials, San Francisco (through Oct.
19).

Horse Racing

Temple Gwathmey Stakes Handicap, \$58,000,
4-yr.-olds & up, 2 1/2 m., United Harts Meet-
ing, Belmont Pk., N.Y.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18

Horse Racing

Sports Page Handicap, \$20,000, all ages, 6 f., Ja-
maica, N.Y.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19

Boxing

● Jimmy Glabas vs. Gil Turner, middleweights (10
rds.), Madison Sq. Garden, New York, 10 p.m.
(ABC).

Football

Miami vs. Georgia, Miami (9).

Horse Racing

The Sprinter, \$50,000, 3- to 5-yr.-old fillies and
mares, 1 1/4 m., Keeneland, Lexington, Ky.

continued on page 27



McGREGOR

SCANDIA SWEATERS



the new husky, bulky knit
that's all but weightless

Men of Viking lineage inspired the weightless freedom of new Scandia sweaters. Of Orin and Larchwood, here is talk that builds a man, warms winter away. Yet it's ounces light. 18 rich colors! Washable. 2 necks—"V" or turt. Co. 810.00 plus new La-Burnon Sport Cardigan, \$12.95.

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NEW TIRES LOSE AN INCH...AND NEW CARS GAIN A NEW KIND OF RIDE!

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you get from this new Goodyear tire is sure to hold it.

Motorists who won't buy a new car this year can get the same triple-tempered 3-T Card body, reinforced tread and smart design in an all-new Custom Tubeless Super-Soft-Cushion that will fit the wheels of their present cars—and it costs no more than a standard tubelike tire.

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GOODYEAR

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better tire care... convenient credit terms.

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COMING EVENTS

Horse Show

Pennsylvania National, Harrisburg, Pa. (through Oct. 27)

Boxing

AFB National Indoor championships, Sahon See, Calif. (also Oct. 21)

Football

(leading college games)

EAST

- Alfred vs. Ithaca, Alfred, N.Y.
- Anaheim vs. Coast Guard, Anaheim, Mass.
- Boston U. vs. Villanova, Boston.
- Bowdoin vs. Williams, Brunswick, Me.
- Buchnell vs. Lafayette, Lewisburg, Pa.
- Columbia vs. Harvard, New York.
- Dartmouth vs. Heli Cross, Hanover, N.H. (CBS)
- Lafayette vs. Virginia, Bethlehem, Pa.
- Army vs. Cincinnati, Annapolis, Md.
- New Hampshire vs. Delaware, Durham, N.H.
- Pennsylvania vs. Brown, Philadelphia
- Princeton vs. Colgate, Princeton, N.J.
- Rutgers vs. Boston College, New Brunswick, N.J.
- Syracuse vs. Army, Syracuse, N.Y., 1:45 p.m. (NBC)
- Wesleyan vs. Worcester Tech, Middlebury, Conn.
- Yale vs. Cornell, New Haven, Conn.

SOUTH & SOUTHWEST

- Duke vs. Pittsburgh, Norfolk, Va.
- Florida St. vs. Wake Forest, Tallahassee, Fla.
- Georgia Tech vs. Auburn, Atlanta.
- Kentucky vs. LSU, Lexington, Ky.
- North Carolina vs. Maryland, Chapel Hill, N.C. (CBS)
- Rice vs. SMU, Houston.
- Tennessee vs. Alabama, Knoxville, Tenn.
- Texas vs. Arkansas, Austin, Texas.
- Texas A&M vs. TCU, College Station, Texas, 3:30 p.m. (ABC)
- Vanderbilt vs. Florida, Nashville.
- William & Mary vs. W. Virginia, Williamsburg, Va.

WEST

- Detroit vs. Tulsa, Detroit.
- Iowa vs. Hawaii, Iowa City.
- Iowa St. vs. Colorado, Ames, Iowa.
- Kansas vs. Oklahoma, Lawrence, Kans.
- Kansas State vs. Missouri, Manhattan, Kans.
- Michigan vs. Northwestern, Ann Arbor, Mich.
- Minnesota vs. Illinois, Minneapolis.
- Nebraska vs. Indiana, Lincoln, Neb.
- Notre Dame vs. Michigan State, South Bend, Ind. (Mutual)
- Ohio State vs. Penn State, Columbus, Ohio.
- Oklahoma A&M vs. Houston, Stillwater, Okla.
- Wisconsin vs. Purdue, Madison, Wis. (CBS)

FAR WEST

- California vs. UCLA, Berkeley, Calif.
- Oregon vs. Stanford, Eugene, Ore.
- Southern California vs. Washington, Los Angeles, 1:45 p.m. (NBC)
- Washington State vs. Oregon State, Pullman, Wash.

Horse Racing

- The Gardenia, \$50,000, 3-yr.-old fillies, 1 1/16 m., Garden State Pk., N.J.
- Golden Gate Futurity, \$50,000, 2-yr.-olds, 1 m., Golden Gate Fields, Calif.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31

Auto Racing

- SCCA Rally, Salt Lake City, Utah.
- SCCA Speed Meet, South Bend, Ind.
- MASCAR Grand National championship, Atlantic World Fairgrounds, Richmond, Va.

Football

- Professional (CBS)
- Chicago Bears vs. Baltimore, Chicago.
- Detroit vs. San Francisco, Detroit.
- Green Bay vs. Los Angeles, Milwaukee.
- New York vs. Pittsburgh, New York.
- Philadelphia vs. Chicago, Philadelphia.
- Washington vs. Cleveland, Washington.

*See local listing.

OCTOBER 15, 1986

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OCTOBER 15, 1956

THE CURTAIN RISES

Baseball's finale began with Ike, Adlai, Ole
Case, Ole Sal, Ole Enos and an All-Star cast

by ROBERT GREAMER

WHO CARES that a bald-headed man in his 60s decided to go see a baseball game last week? Or that another bald-headed man did the same thing two days later? Who cares? Well, as Li'l Abner might say, "The Amurrican people, thasse who." And in the full spirit of the occasion the President of the United States attended the opening game of the World Series at Ebbets Field in Brooklyn and had a high, natural good time as the curtain went up on the great finale of the baseball drama—a drama that soon showed signs of turning into the All-American cliff hanger of 1956. The President himself was part of the drama's spectacle—as was his Democratic opponent, Adlai Stevenson, at the second game—and when the presidential party drove off the field he was caught in a taberna (opposite) which recorded for history a vast amount of the whole day.

There on the scoreboard behind him was the record of Sal Maglie's 6-3 victory over the Yankees. There—still recorded as "at bat"—was the memorable No. 7 of Mickey Mantle, who had just grounded into a double play to end the game (though those two Yankee runs in the first inning were a tribute to a booming Mantle homer). And there, too, was the Yankee No. 17—for Enos Slaughter, L.F., another major character in the drama whose big role was still ahead.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

ADLAI STEVENSON, ACCOMPANIED BY AVERELL HARRIMAN (RIGHT), FLEMISHED HIS BROOKLYN CAP



A
TEAMS
YANKS

BKLYN

YANKS
B'KLYN



7

BAT

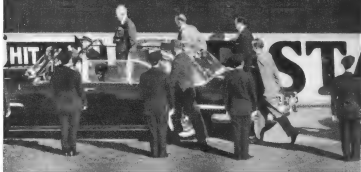
BALLS

	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E	T
2	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	3	9	1	
0	2	3	1	0	0	0	0		6	9	0	

BATTING ORDER

UMPIRE

9 RF	17 LF	7 CF	8 C
19 2B	1 SS	4 C.F.	4 23B.



... ENTER THE OLD

CASEY STENGEL peered back and forth along the wooden floor of the dugout, giving signals to his coaches and orders to his players and, occasionally, hell to the umpires. More than anyone else in sight, he was the center of attraction. This was an extraordinary thing, because young men—even Slaughter at 49 and Maglie at 39 are boys next to the 65-year-old Casey—with firm muscles and springs in their legs were doing heroic things on the field.

But the television cameras recognized Stengel for what he was, a great performer on the stage of baseball, and, while they caught in action the feats of Mantle and Snider, Maglie and Ford, they shot their long lenses into the dugout to watch Casey clutch his head in agony after a Brooklyn homer, or close down onto the infield as he grabbed his way out to the mound to remove an erring pitcher.

Casey is an emotional man; he is not of the new phlegmatic school that believes in the poker face and the monosyllabic response. Casey reacts to everything. Perhaps this is why he appeals so strongly to the average fan: during the Series, Stengel, too, writhed and grimaced, yelled with glee or slumped unhappily in his seat, as the extraordinary series of dugout portraits by Photographer John G. Zimmerman reveals so graphically (right).

Casey's 10th Series (three as a player—he had a .269 average for World Series competition—and seven as manager of the Yankees) started dismally. In Brooklyn his "professional," the strong-shouldered Whitely Ford, was hit freely, and the Dodgers' old Sal Maglie stopped Casey's heroes dead after a first-inning line-drive home run by Mickey Mantle had put the Yankees ahead. Maglie is often accused of throwing an illegal spitball, and after that first game Casey delivered a center-stage soliloquy. "I don't know if he throws a spitball," he said, "but he sure spits on the ball. No, I don't want to say he spits on the ball, but he spits. Then he gives it this—" wiping his hands on his shirt—"and he touches the resin bag and he throws. But I don't want to say that I don't think he's a hell of a pitcher. He pitched good. He beat us. He pitched a good game."

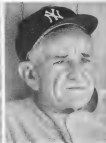
Casey was a gracious loser then, giving his worthy adversary his due. But the next day, after his team had fallen from a 6-0 lead to a humiliating 13-8 defeat, he was just a little short-tempered. Why, a baseball writer asked, had he taken Starting Pitcher Don Larsen out with a 4-3 lead in the second inning. Why? It was obvious, at least to Stengel. "Wild!" he said in a loud, ringing voice. "He was wild. W-I-L-D!"

And he waved his arms and stomped away, showing little physical fatigue despite the chore of removing five more pitchers from the mound after Larsen. It all seemed sad in a way. Poor old Casey.

Next day Stengel was back in the luxurious confines of Yankee Stadium, and he turned to the luxury of using his professional again. This time Ford beat the Dodgers, and the next day, behind Tom Sturdivant, Stengel's Yankees beat the Dodgers again.

And suddenly poor old Casey was back in business, back ever, needing, after all these weeks of the season, only two more victories to recapture the World Championship flag that hasn't been the Yankees' since 1963. It was hard to imagine him losing again. The memory holds a picture of Billy Martin in the losing Yankee dressing room last year, near tears, saying, "It's a shame for a great manager like that to have to lose."

TROUPER: CASEY STENGEL



READY FOR WORK. Stengel goes right to work after turning Pettit out with two outs.

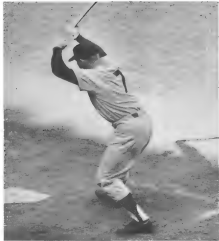


READY FOR SHOWERS. Stengel stands guard by as Casey's bats bring Turkey to free bullpen.

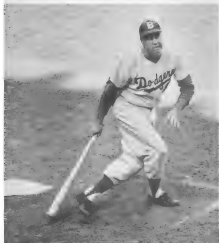


FIDGETING WITH BAT. Casey sits helpfully

RUBBER FACE of trouper gets serious as Casey tells old stories, an-



LOOKING LIKE A MAN KILLING SNARED, MANTLE JUMPS BACK FROM AN INSIDE PITCH
FACE DISTORTED BY DISTANCE OF SWING, SNIDER FOOLS OFF MORGAN'S LOW CURVE



... HOME PLATE IS CENTER STAGE

THE FOCUS of attention is the plate; there, day after day as the Series advanced, the chief actors took their turns. Often enough—though rarely recorded by the camera or remembered by the eye—their gestures made odd vignettes of grace and awkwardness. Other pictures the eye will remember if it saw them: the very first run of the Series, scored in the first inning of the first game by the oldest man on either team, the 44-year-old Enos Slaughter, who three days later hit a game-winning home run; the called-strike Sal Maglie flicked past Mickey Mantle the first time Miek batted after hitting a homer off Maglie; the calm, serious, appreciative group of Yankees who met Yogi Berra after Yogi's epic grand-slam home run put the Yankees ahead 6-0 in the second game; and, a half inning later, the glee of the Dodgers and the unrestrained joy on Duke Snider's face as he scored after hitting a three-run homer that canceled out Berra's; Mantle in the fifth game fouling off outside pitch after outside pitch until Maglie finally came inside, and then hitting the home run that broke up Maglie's bid for a perfect game.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE HEIL



EXPERT: CAMPANELLA BOBBES DROPPED BUT WHILE



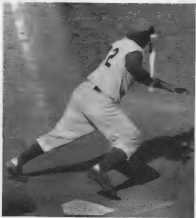
TERRIFIC WHIFF CONSIDERED CAMPANELLA, SENDS BRONX SLUGGER CRASHING TO KNEE



HODGES REACTION OF "HOME SWEET HOME"



MIDWINTER STREAK FOR FIRST ON BENT TOWARD THIRD



ROBINSON RIDS AWAY FROM PLATE IN LUNGE BACK TO FOIL THREE DOUBLE PLAY



DIVING DESPERATELY FOR THIRD, CARL FURILLO TRIES TO STRETCH HIS NINTH-INNING DOUBBLE—AND FAILS. UNPINT MARK GOOD SIGNALS THE

... THE DESPERATE BALLET OF THE BASE PATHS

IF HOME PLATE is the focus of attention, the base paths are where the World Series plot was developed and explored. When Carl Furillo (above) suddenly decided to try for three bases on his long hit to right-center field, everyone watching had the story line clear in his mind: Baseman Furillo trying for the impossible extra base,

Outfielder Bauer charged with the responsibility of stopping him. The race was on: runner and ball. The ball, secure finally in Third Baseman Carey's glove, won. The tragedy was Furillo's. But the emotion of the moment, joy or indignation, was the spectator's.

Yankee infielders like Billy Martin (left below) and Gil McDougald (right

below) played, for the most part, with masterful poise and grace, but the hero of the base paths, both on the field and on base, was the spry old (37) shortstop of the Dodgers, Pee Wee Reese (below center). Reese was the steady man of the Brooklyn team, making the fielding play with steady, upright caution, but without delay. At bat he was of

SPARKLINE FLIGHT OF BILLY MARTIN FAILS TO INTERCEPT BRAD'S SINGLE TO RIGHT



IN TWO-WAY STRETCH DURING FIRST GAME, REESE





END OF DODGER HOPES FOR THREE-GAME VICTORY AS ANDY CAREY COLLAPSES ATOP THE RECURRENT BASE RUNNER HE HAS JUST TAGGED OUT

great importance. Just before Snider hit his three-run homer to tie the score of the wild second game, it was Reese who dueling with the young sidearm, Johnny Kucks, pitch by pitch, foul ball by foul ball, until finally he powered a single into left field for the two runs that brought the Dodgers alive again. Baseball reveres the "clutch" player; here Reese came through heroically in a most serious "clutch."

He confounded his critics with his

speed. He's beating out a crucial base hit below that was instrumental in a Brooklyn victory. He scampered around the bases to beat out a triple, and cashed his run by scoring on a fly to the outfield.

Enos Slaughter, another old one, was a delight to see, with his constant rhythmic running everywhere, particularly around the bases to score run after run. Even on the home run that won the third game, Enos trotted

rapidly rather than jog slowly with casual tradition.

There were other brief flashes of rare beauty: Snider flashing into second with a magnificent sliding flourish to beat out a double; Mantle stealing a base with his blazing burst of speed and quick, neat little slide; Jim Gilliam timing a line drive perfectly and leaping high in the air and seemingly holding himself there until he had the ball.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

REACHES SAC WHILE SHOWNOW REACHES FOR BALL



FLASHING DEEP IN HOLE TO HIS RIGHT, MUD-OLD MARRY CLASIC BACKHAND STOP





VENERABLE VILLAIN Eros Slaughter so terrorized Dodgers that Campanella offered up some looks, signaled for intentional walk in crucial fourth-game situation.



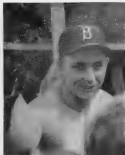
ACROBATIC OUTFIELDER Duke Snider added to own World Series homer record for National League, ran bases brilliantly, made circus catches all over center field.

... APPLAUSE

The thread of the plot and the clear, steady line of building suspense lay in the hands of the old stagers, to whom the plaudits of the crowd were as old and still intoxicating music. Eros Slaughter, as letter-perfect in his performance as a Shakespearean actor playing his 1,000th Hamlet, swung his bat with the immense assurance of 19 summers of baseball. He banged away steadily at the good Dodger pitching through the first two games, and his three-run homer in the sixth inning of the third game won for the Yankees and brought suspense back to a plot which had begun to flag.

Duke Snider of the Dodgers wrung applause from the crowds in a marvelously adept, versatile performance. He played center field audaciously and with sometimes nearly unbelievable skill. He dived headlong to catch Yankee line drives, his body one moment stretched and taut against the green background of the center-field sod, then suddenly tumbling, the ball held securely in his glove. And, in center stage at the plate, he provided a moment of high drama in the second game with a three-run homer which preaged victory for Don Bessent. On the base paths, he ran with a certain sagacious recklessness, twice trying for an extra base and making it, once against the sling-shot-fast, very accurate throwing arm of Mickey Mantle.

Gil Hodges, who had been deep in a batting slump throughout the season,



HAPPY HERO of the first two games, Gil Hodges talks about run-predicating hits that

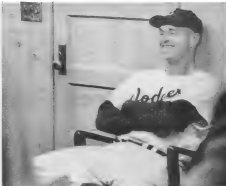
DAY AFTER DAY

responded to the Series like an actor who is poor in rehearsal, magnificent on the stage for opening night. He supplied the Dodgers with a surprisingly sure touch at bat, hitting steadily and producing a home run in the first game and two doubles in the second which were the driving force behind the dramatic Brooklyn attack that melted away a long Yankee lead with startling speed.

Sal Maglie had the sure, deft technique of the real old pro, underplaying his part with a careful precision which made the power of his performance the more dramatic. He tried carefully along the edge of disaster for nine long innings in the first game, peering balefully at a long procession of Yankee batters, throwing the ball precisely and carefully and always in the marginal area of small return for the hitter. He spun the drama of his part out until it was nearly intolerable.

And the quiet man in the background was the manager of the Dodgers, Walter Alton. Alton, who partakes of none of the heroic style of Casey Stengel, slipped only once from his character. Then he referred to pinch-hitter Rube Walker as "that feller," and quickly corrected himself to say, "The fellow I'm talking about is Rube Walker. I'm beginning to talk like Casey." But he wasn't. Like the other old pros, he remained strictly and proudly in character.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



DELIGHTED DIRECTOR Walter Alton grins happily in dressing room after opening performance, but wisely dodges prediction of certain call as World Champions.

DRAMATIC STAR Sal Maglie targets brilliant role of four-day-batter, -puncher of rest studying the Yankee hitters he must try to contain tomorrow in critical game.



gave Dodgers 2-0 lead in Series, helped erase memory of poor review following 1952 show.

AND THEN . . .



18 DON LARSEN
 Throws R. Record 10-5, ERA 3.40.
 Very erratic but tougher than most—when right. Big, hard-throwing left-hander who can overpower the hitter but does not depend on speed alone; has good slider, throws occasional knuckleball, this year developed an effective change of pace. Temperamental and sometimes ruffles easily. Very good hitter.

LARSEN, ERRATIC IN SECOND GAME (SEE ST. REPORT ABOVE); WAS FANNED BY CASEY STENGEL



The man's name was Donald Larsen, 26, a big fellow, 6 feet 4, handsome, single, out of San Diego. The St. Petersburg police had him in row because he'd run his car into a utility pole at 5 a.m. He had, he said, fallen asleep at the wheel. Sportswriters snickered.

This was last spring, in training in Florida, and this Larsen was a pitcher for the New York Yankees. Not a particularly good pitcher either: 2-21 with the Orioles in 1954, sent down to the minors for a spell in 1955. And now he was in trouble. He wouldn't be around too long, the wise ones predicted.

Larsen paid a \$15 speeding fine and the cost of the damage to the pole. Then, to everyone's surprise, Casey Stengel said flatly he'd take no disciplinary action. The fans quieted down. Larsen stayed with the Yanks, but he was still nothing special, and when Stengel named him to pitch the second game of the World Series there was some surprise. Larsen turned wild behind a 6-4 lead, and the Yankees collapsed and lost. The wise men said, "I told you so."

But once again Stengel, who does not spare his players the rough side of his tongue when he feels they need it, spared Larsen. "He wasn't throwing over there in Brooklyn," Casey said. "He was just pushing the ball. Maybe he was thinking too much about those fences. He can pitch a lot better than that. You'll see."

So, on Monday, Donald Larsen went out to pitch in the fifth game of the World Series, on a brilliant, clear day, a little on the chilly side, about 60° in the sun. He and his rival, the colorful old Sal Maglie, pitched impeccably. Maglie retired the first 11 batters, but then Mickey Mantle outfoxed him, hit a home run, and Maglie's no-hitter was gone. The spotlight swung to Larsen, for the scoreboard still showed no hits, no runs, no errors for Brooklyn. It was six innings and then seven, and suddenly—in view of the overpowering way Larsen was getting the first and second strikes in on almost every batter—the possibility of not just a no-hitter but a perfect game became as real as the taste of a hot dog.



HIS NIGHT-BANGER'S FIRST PITCH OF THE MEMORABLE AFTERNOON GUEL WHISTLING TOWARD THE OREGON LEBBETT MAN, JIM WILLIAM.

These things, of course, don't happen. There had never been a no-hitter in the World Series, and there had not been a perfect game in the major leagues for 34 years. But, there was Larsen, going into the eighth.

Jackie Robinson tried his best to slow down the inexorable pressure of fate when he stepped out of the box with two strikes and walked away to talk for a second with Gil Hodges. The crowd boomed, Robinson stepped back in . . . and tapped back to the mound. Hodges hit a strange little liner to Carey. Amoroso fled to Mantle. The crowd roared in relief and anticipation. One more inning to go.

Larsen went to the ninth. Furillo, the first batter, was greeted by Catcher Berra. "This guy's got good stuff, huh?" grunted Yogi. Furillo looked at him. "Yeah, not bad," he sniffed drily, and fled out. Campanella grounded to Martin. One out to go. Dale Mitchell was up. The first pitch was a ball, the second a called strike, the third a swing and a miss for strike two. One strike to go. Larsen turned his back to the plate, took off his hat and rubbed his brow, picked up the resin bag, rubbed his hand on his thigh. He pitched—and it was fouled back. He threw again, Mitchell half swung, held up—and it was called strike three, the impossible! a perfect game! Berra ran out (right) and leaped into Larsen's arms like a small boy greeting his father.

Anyone—Yogi, Old Sal, Old Case, Old Enos, and even those early bit players, Ike and Adlai—could tell you the Great CH-anger of 1956 was really over. (END)



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

NEWS OF COSMIC IMPACT • IKE AND ADLAI IN BROOKLYN • THE
DODGER WITH DECORUM • CHARMING BIRDS OUT OF THE AIR •
SWEET SIXTEEN, FIFTY YEARS LATER • OLD FOXER, YOUNG BATS

MUNDANE INTERRUPTION

A LECTURER at New York's Hayden Planetarium the other afternoon, busy conducting his listeners through a tour of outer space, felt duty bound to interrupt himself for a brief, mundane dispatch: "Ladies and gentlemen," he told them, "the Dodgers just beat the Yankees 13-8."

SITE OF DISTRACTION

THE ELECTION took a pause, too. As it must in October of every election year, there came the period when the U.S. grows stone-deaf to political utterance between the hours of 1 and 4 (Eastern Daylight Saving Time) in the afternoon; last week, aware that the time had come again, three presidential candidates—two big ones and a little one—surrendered with a smile and made a pilgrimage to the site of distraction, Brooklyn's Ebbets Field. It must be confessed that almost nobody noticed Henry Krajewski, a Secaucus, N.J. pig farmer who is the presidential candidate of the Poor Man's Party, although it was nice to know that he was out there, somewhere in the bleachers, when the first ball was pitched. But both Ike and Adlai, each of whom picked a fine, sunny autumn day for his appearance—contributed nicely to the all-America excitement and all-round interest of the 1950 World Series.

It was love at first sight with Ike and the Dodgers. He was the first President to attend a World Series in 20 years (F.D.R. was at the Polo Grounds in 1936), and he got a warm and noisy ovation as he was driven into the ball park and trundled slowly past bleachers

and box seats. He stood, waving, in his bubble-topped limousine, got out, hatless and smiling, at home plate, and shook hands with the players of both teams who were lined up to receive him. He made no secret of his partisanship after he had thrown out the first ball (a leaping, 20-foot lob to Brooklyn Catcher Roy Campanella who received it, negligently, with a bare hand) or of his admiration as Dodger Pitcher Sal Maglie cunningly set the Yankees down, inning after inning.

The President, who had a bet (amount undisclosed) on the game with Press Secretary and Yankee Fan Jim Hagerly, came to his feet as Mickey Mantle hit a booming first-inning home run over the right-field screen but barely patted his hands

as Mickey crossed home plate. The Yankee batter who stirred him most, as a matter of fact, was Yogi Berra, who hit a foul tip toward the President's box in the first inning. A Secret Service man, stationed near Ike with a glove (borrowed from Pee Wee Reese) to protect him from being inadvertently skulled, got the ball and handed it to the President, who took it with a grin, doubtless as a gift for his grandson David.

It was the Dodger hitters, however, whom the President applauded. He stood in the Dodger seventh inning and, after Brooklyn had won, turned to President Walter O'Malley and said, "I wish you would tell Sal that I thought he pitched one hell of a ball game." The Dodger fans reciprocated:

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

• Dwight Davis, Meet Cecil Rhodes

U.S. Davis Cup plans shifted again with USLTA announcement that Rhodes Scholar Ham Richardson will not be a member of the team. Richardson must spend 42 nights in residence at Oxford to get credit for the term, can do so only by passing up Australia. His replacement: California's Herbie Fless.

• Principles and Practices

Harvard, with an all-white varsity basketball team and a preference for making its own eligibility rules, canceled plans for a southern tour because Georgia and Louisiana "won't have two Negro players if Harvard had any. Said a spokesman: "Harvard alone must decide . . . on eligibility."

• Last Mile?

John Landy, forced by sore Achilles' tendons to lighten pre-Olympic workouts, canceled one altogether when soreness shifted to his thighs. "This could be the end," he said, then added, "Who knows? I may be right again tomorrow."

• Two Minuses Make a Plus

Kansas Skatpatter Bill Nieder found that a plaster cast may have a silver lining. Nieder rode U.S. Olympic team June 29 with his right knee stiff from an old injury, later fell and re-injured the knee. Second recovery left him able to bend knee normally. Now up to 59 feet 4 inches, he expects soon to be matching beavers of 60 feet and up with Perry O'Brien in San Francisco.

not a soul left his seat before the President's departure, and as he was driven away—with Dodger Organist Gladys Gooding swanging out *Hail to the Chief* over the Ebbets Field public address system—24,000 fans stood and filled the stadium with roaring applause.

Adlai Stevenson's visit to the Series, two days later, was considerably quieter. He sat, between Mrs. Averell Harriman and New York's Mayor Bob Wagner, in the same area, near the Dodger dugout, which like had occupied, but he entered the park conventionally from the street and was cheered only by *words* in the vicinity of his seat. He was also carefully non-partisan. "I am," he said, "for the Chicago White Sox," and was forthwith photographed wearing a Yankee cap and a Dodger cap, simultaneously. Nonetheless, he may have delivered one of the best lines of the whole Series. It was his luck to see that second game—the one in which the Dodgers utterly routed the proud Yankees 13-5, in which Casey had to use seven pitchers (a record) over three hours and 24 minutes (another record). "This," Adlai is credited with saying, "could never have happened under a Democratic Administration."

THE DIGNIFIED BUM

BEFORE ONE OF THE SERIES GAMES, Casey Stengel pleaded with a mob of sportswriters surrounding him in the dugout to stand a little to one side so he could keep his eye on the Dodgers as they took batting practice. At no time during the Series was Casey's opposite number, the manager of the Brooklyn Bums, Walter Alton, ever denied an unobstructed view in any direction he chanced to look. Casey draws interviewers like a puddle of beer draws flies; Alton repels them like fat.

Walter O'Malley, president of the Bums, put his finger on it before the television cameras in the clubhouse right after the Dodgers had clinched the National League pennant. As the Brooklyn Sym-Phoney band blazed away and the photographers yelled and the players sang and cheered on cue, Mr. O'Malley blurted what apparently was the first thought to pop into his head on such a happy, delirious occasion: he complimented his head Bum on his dignity.

Walter Alton is not only dignified, he is so self-effacing that he can leave a group of four or five persons without anyone noticing that he has gone.

Once, during the Series, some photographers wanted a picture of the Dodgers' starting lineup posed in front of the dugout. Only at the last moment did someone realize that Alton himself had vanished. He was up at home plate, leaning against the batting cage. It had not occurred to him that the manager of the team might be an interesting addition to the picture.

Another time, in the Series, a ragged old man somehow got on the field without press credentials. Feeling no pain, he staggered up to Alton, shook a finger under his nose and cried: "Let's not have any humbug from you, Mr. Walter Alton?"

A less dignified man might have called for the cops. Walter Alton merely said: "You a newspaper man?" The old man's mouth dropped open and all he could say was, "No, I ain't." And stagger into the arms of a ball park guard.

Talk to Walter Alton before and after a game won or lost and you get the same courteous, soft-spoken answers. But you also carry the conversational ball. Ask the most searching questions—what kind of pitch did Slaughter blast out of the park, why did Furillo go on to third, what's with Newcombe—and you get the facts straight. Run out of questions, and you run out of gas.

After the third game, Alton was asked how he felt about things now. Stengel would have been hard to stop after a question like that. Alton wrapped it up with: "Better than last year at this time."

What it is is dignity, just as Walter O'Malley said it was. It's not the most prized characteristic in the Borough of Brooklyn, but a man can be forgiven it—if he can keep those Bums winning pennants.

HA-WUMP, HA-WUMP

A WILD GOOSE is a wary bird—old hunters swear that only the crow, among all feathered creatures, is wiler. Luring one down within shotgun range calls for a curious and demanding sort of land-air communication. The hunter's instrument of audio contact is the goose call, a reed horn which simulates the language of his prey and allows him to coax the target earthward. Just blowing the darned thing, however, is a waste of breath. Goose calling demands musicianship. The goose must be charmed, as the fakir charms the snake; he must be coaxed, be reassured. A perfect call

needs "lots of wind, lots of throat and lots of luck," and it must be made as carefully as Louis Armstrong makes *Honky-Tonk Blues*.

Last week, as a result, 8,500 people sat in a baseball park at Missouri Valley, Iowa (normal population 4,000), staring at a hustling blind of willow branches which sat, inconspicuously, in short center field. One by one, for two days, goose callers from all over the U.S. hid in the blind. Then, while five judges in identical checkered caps and hunting jackets crouched on stools nearby and the crowd maintained a deathly silence, each contestant imitated the calls of the snow goose, the blue goose, the Canada honker and



the speckle-bellied goose in hopes of winning the World's Goose Calling Championship.

The world's championship goose calling contest is only five years old. It began in 1951 in the high school gymnasium; four contestants and 75 spectators attended. But Missouri Valley lies within the boundaries of the central flyway; the country for hundreds of miles around is full of goose hunters, and the town quickly became Mecca to thousands and thousands of people who admire "real goose calling." The goose call makes a sound something like a bicycle horn with a squeeze bulb; this sound, however, must be varied between a low-pitched "h-a-a-a-r-r-r" and a high, raucous "w-a-a-a-a-p." The goose caller starts with the "highball" to arrest the attention of his prey, then emits a "walking call" as the leader moves in, and switches to a reassuring murmur and finally, a "ha-wump."

This year's big crowd was as obediently silent during the calling as spectators at a chess tournament; those unable to contain their excitement spoke in hushed whispers: "That one was terrific—not too high-pitched. Some like them high, but not me," and, ecstatically, "Did you hear that ha-wump?" Not until the last of the 10 finalists finished his murmur did the crowd applaud. The 1956 champion was Angus B. McCain, a 264-pound, 6-foot 4-inch oil refinery worker from Lake Charles, La. McCain, who won \$1,000 as well as the title, explained afterward that he gets his artistic effects by tucking his chin back into his neck and holding his duck call against

continued on next page

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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his chest, thus utilizing his rib cage as a sounding board.

No game, of course, showed up during the contest, although a flock of rather bewildered policemen flew over the grandstand at one point: Missouri Valley, noted by several and assumed if a game was ever stupid enough to fly near a crowd of thousands of people, even to hear the world's goose calling champion.

AD LIBERTY

IN THE WAITING ROOM of the National Airport in Washington, D.C. Two men of mature years and dignified deportment stood chatting. Suddenly one of them assumed the position of a quarterback, took the imaginary ball as it was snapped, dropped back as it to pass and held the ball aloft until a teammate took it from him and headed around end. His performance from all other movements in the exercise lobby for a few moments. Then a flight for Dallas was announced, and the two



men went out to their plane, satiate and dignified once more, leaving a small, spellbound crowd to wonder who they were.

Well, they were Willis Tate, president of SMU, and William C. Martin, Methodist bishop of the Dallas-Fort Worth area. Mr. Tate was demonstrating for the bishop the old Statue of Liberty play that SMU had used a few days before in defeating Notre Dame.

50 YEARS LATER

OLD 16, a gray ghost from America's tumultuous motorist past, stood silent on a Long Island byway one day last week. Sure-kicks ignited the throttle, retarded the spark and pumped up the fuel pressure. A twist of the crank, and the enormous motor of Old 16 came to life—with the sound of a herd of elephants laughing in sequence. Then the last survivor of the resurrected Vanderbilt Cup road race set out over the historic trail on which it once brought supreme racing glory to the United States.

Fifty years before, to the day, this four-cylinder LaSalle built the fastest lap and race time in the 1908

Vanderbilt Cup race. Two years later it ended foreign domination of the Cup race with a breakneck victory through throngs as insensitive to danger as those which court death in the running of the bulls at Pamplona or the racing cars in Italy's Mille Miglia.

Old No. 16 came out of retirement at the invitation of the Long Island Old Car Club, which also provided 20 antique Parkards, Cadillacs, Stanley Steamers, Stutz-Duryays and a host of the anniversary run.

Why Joe Tracy, 54 now, but still as peppy as when he unveiled the big LaSalle through the 1908 race, was present; he said his driving days were over and he declined to take the wheel. But Al Poole, 75, Joe Tracy's old racing mechanic, climbed aboard. So did Artur Peter Helek, the current owner, and his son Jerry. Jerry drove the first leg of the trip, up Jericho Turnpike and States Bay road into East Norwich. Then Peter Helek took over for the rest of the eye-popping journey—in all, 21 miles of the old 36-mile Vanderbilt Cup route. Old 16 was doing 50 and averaging more than 30 mph in this run, for a feeling of sheer velocity, is worth 150 in a modern racing car, as a windburned SPORTS ILLUSTRATED reporter said. The exhaust roar from its 1,100-cubic-inch motor fretted the chill October air; the clatter of drive shafts added to the sweet, unapologetic caraphony which swirled the heads of passing motorists. The Heleks had 128 horses under the blunt, battleship-gray hood of their mount, and they weren't really letting her out, hard-pressed though they were at times by a State Bearcat and a Simplex.

There was also a 1904 Stanley Steamer in the run, and Bob Smith,

its driver, didn't have to resort to the water bucket even once.

"He seemed good, by golly," said Smith. But Old 16, by golly, steamed best of all.

RETRACTION

CHURCHMAN JAMES BRUNDSOME finally lost his battle to enforce a new and hotly controversial Olympic oath, under which athletes were required to state not only that they were amateurs but that they "intended to remain" so. The executive board of the International Olympic Committee—although sympathetic with Brundsome's attempt to keep the Games from becoming a "platform for professionalism"—voted at Lausanne, Switzerland last week to suspend the oath, at least for 1956. Eligibility for the Melbourne Games will be based on the old formula which simply requires an athlete to declare "not intention" that he is an amateur while participating in the Olympics.

FATTENED FOXES

GENERAL ERWIN ROMMEL's Afrika Korps exists no longer, except in the minds of its veterans. They hold a nostalgic regard as it dissolved, and one of its features was a secret game. From the building, fattening ranks of Rommel's soldiers a team of sorts—the Desert Foxes—was put together. The appointment? Why, the Desert Rats of the British Seventh Armored Division, the very unit that defeated Rommel in Africa.

But these Desert Rats had never seen Africa, they were the lightest of foot, today's Seventh Division, now stationed in Germany. Agile as goats, they kept the old timers puffing vainly while they scored six goals to the Foxes' none.

In the stands a corpulent type in an Afrika Korps cap fell straight into the mood of 1944. "You're as fat as the Italians," he shouted at his neighbor, and thereafter addressed him generally in Italian: "Arraff! Arraff!" But the Foxes went on losing.

Goalie Ginter Trandor, 33, sagged on a dressing-room bench after the game. "Soccer," he said wearily, "is not an old man's game." A reporter asked him where he had fought in Africa—Tunisia? El Alamein? The goalie raved, and grumbled, and said: "I never fought in Africa at all. I spent all my time on the Russian front. The Kommandos needed help today, so I played." The grin faded. "It is hard now," he said, "to put together a team of men who fought in the last one."



CALL OF THE WILD

Best pheasant hunter
That ever was born;
He can make a noise
Like an ear of corn.

—P. T. BORN



"At a nice iron and another Molotov."

'ACHTUNG!' CALLING ALL PEACE-LOVERS

East Germany puts on a sports and fitness demonstration like nothing seen in Deutschland since the days of Adolf Hitler

NOT SINCE Hitler's '30s have the German people seen such an ambitious sports spectacle as unfolded recently at Leipzig's new stadium (see following pages). A crowd of 180,000 spectators watched while 25,000 sleek-muscled boys and girls, who had been trained and especially well fed in camps for six weeks preceding the show, traced out great pinwheel patterns, cavorted about the green steel-carpeted infield in callsthenic maneuvers and clambered up steel-girding frames to form human pyramids from which shapely girls dived into nets. A beautifully trained 15,000-member rooting section dressed in immaculate white uniforms spelled out political slogans by means of brilliantly colored red, green and blue cloth squares.

To keep up the tempo of the spectacle, airplanes buzzed overhead and dropped parachutes with flags attached, motorcycles heavily draped with pretty girls whizzed around the athletic track and two German bands oom-pahed an accompaniment. Even the youngsters got into the act with a mass demonstration of tossing and catching gigantic red and green inflated rubber balls. The kids were strictly disciplined; there were no wild independent scrambles after the ball; everything was done to whistle command. The Communists, capitalizing on the Teutonic love of precision and pageantry, put on a show in which the entire emphasis was on collective rather than individual action. The East Germans, hoping to impress the West Germans with their progress, invited the Westerners to attend and even offered free rail travel from Berlin to Leipzig. Added attraction: a chance to visit the birthplace of Wagner.

Few Westerners showed up, but a host of East Germans arrived at the stadium on foot and via antiquated red wooden trolleys to pile into the sun-baked stands. There they devoted themselves to the orderly pageantry of the show while they sipped lemonade, ate sausages and sucked on precious oranges which magically appeared on this health and strength-giving occasion.

Along with the festivities, the Communist party leaders addressed the crowd. "Fight for a peace-loving Germany! Be against militarism!" cried Party Boss Walter Ulbricht as squads of bare-chested, goose-stepping (Russian style,

but with assakers) Volkspolizei tramped around the track. Manfred Ewald, chairman of the physical culture program, boasted that "the East German State now has 1,300,000 men, women and children organized for sport."

The ultimate sports authority in East Germany is the polyglottic *Staatliche Kommission für Körperkultur und Sport in der Deutschen Demokratischen Republik*, which organizes mass sport at a community level. These local associations are led by union functionaries with the responsibility of explaining "the role and character of the national People's Army of the German Democratic Republic," of leading "an energetic fight against the speculators and the attempts by western agents to buy top athletes" and "winning over athletes for the aims of our workers' and peasants' state."

With such an ideology at stake, East German athletes, like those of other Iron Curtain countries, are expected to win in international competition. If the athletes fail they are lashed by critics for ideological unpreparedness. Actually, the East German Communists have gone further than even the Nazis in their emphasis on sport programs, for which they spend \$60 million a year. The Nazis allowed independent sport clubs, but in East Germany everybody plays for the state.

Such demonstrations as were held in Leipzig are not encouraged in West Germany, despite the fact that Germany was once one of the most dumbbell-censured nations in the world; such shows are considered militaristic and too heavily reminiscent of Hitler's Strength Through Joy youth movement.

But in East Germany? Well, as these rare pictures show, a lot of people are having regimented fun to the old commanding cry of "Achtung!" (EHR)

RED GAMES IN RED GERMANY

Youngsters work out with bladder ball below the white-jacketed cheering section at East Germany's sports and fitness festival in Leipzig's new Stadium of the 180,000. On the following pages older demonstrators march in procession and form human pyramids.









PAR'S NEW GIRLS

Golf is sprouting an abundance of
younger and younger women of skill

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

EVENTS THIS past season have made it unmistakably clear that women's golf in America is on the threshold of a genuinely golden age. It has been a long time since there was anything at all like the present proliferation of excellent and engaging players—in fact, one has to go back to the '20s, when the sports public was forced to take notice of the skill and flair attained by Glenna Collett and her now half-forgotten contemporaries, Edith Cummings, Virginia Van Wien, Edith Quier, Maureen Overst, Helen Hicks, Miriam Burns Horn and the rest of the girls.

Today, however, there are signal differences. The number of talented players is considerably larger than in the '20s. Their technique, much closer to the men's, is advancing all the time. And, largely due to the USGA's institution of the Girls' Junior Championship some seven years ago, the stars are now blooming at astonishingly young ages. With Smith, the reigning French and British champion, is 13. Anne Quast, the victor in the 1956 Western Amateur, is 19 also. The National Women's Open was won by Kathy Cornelius, 23, after a playoff with Barbara McIntire, 21. The top money winner on the pro circuit has been Marlene Bauer Hagge, now 22.

In the last major event of the 1956 season, the National Women's Amateur, the rush of youth reached its peak. In the final, opposing the eventual winner, Marlene Stewart, the 22-year-old Canadian champion, was JoAnne Gunderson, an extremely impressive 17-year-old. Today, in truth, a veteran is anyone over 20. And the spirit the young competitors have added to the game is eloquently shown on the following pages.

(continued on next page)



NEW AMATEUR CHAMPION. Marlene Stewart, is a petite (3 feet 1 inch) Ontario who also took the 1953 British title at 19.

YOUNGEST PLAYER in modern history to reach Amateur final, JoAnne Gunderson is rangy (3 feet 8½ inch) Girls' Junior champ.



THE STEWART-GUNDERSON FINAL



AMAZINGLY RELAXED throughout the scoring round of the 54-hole final, Stearns repaired to the clubhouse (where flowers awaited her from her home town, Kirkland, Wash.) holding a 1-up

lead. On the 24th she went 4 up when she holed a 56-yard r/h.p. Her inexperience then began to tell, and Marless, rallying stout-heartedly down the stretch, won on the 36th, 2 and 1. As a golfing





competition, it had been a superb match, comparable to the Ward-Kneib final in the men's Amateur.



THE FINALISTS presented contrasting "fairway" personalities and techniques, and this added a decided punch to a championship that is annually a sporting, favorable affair. Marlene, christened "Little Miss Hogan" by the Canadian press because of her coolness under fire, makes up for her lack of power through the accuracy of her wood play and a very precise short game. Her head always remains "down" well after she has struck a putt or a chip. JoAnne, a sprightly natural girl (especially when she is earnestly lining up a putt), is a very strong player who averages a tremendous 250 yards in her drives off the tee.

THE AMATEUR FINALE



AT THE PRESENTATION ceremony, the runner-up, as relishing and spontaneous as ever, makes a spread-arm speech as she receives her medal (above), joins in the applause as the reigning new champion accepts the trophy (below), the first Canadian-born queen of the Women's Amateur in the 66-odd years that the tourney has beckoned the best.



ANNOUNCING



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by Firestone

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turn the page...



The New **Firestone** *De Luxe Champion*

With greater mileage, increased comfort, quieter operation, tomorrow's styling and built-in peace of mind!

"More of everything" wraps up in one phrase the latest improvements in Firestone's new De Luxe Champion Tire.

First, you get Firestone's priceless built-in peace of mind through the exclusive Safety-Liner feature that takes the *Nose* out of blowouts . . . your car is under control at all times. And with De Luxe Champion tubeless tires, you can wait for a convenient opportunity to make puncture repairs.

The new De Luxe Champion is a truckier tire with more quality rubber in its make-up. A wider tread puts increased tread area on the road for even wear, better traction and more luxurious ride. Its Silent-Ride, Safety-Grip design puts more non-skid edges on the road than any tire in its class.

Get Firestone De Luxe Champion Tires, tubeless or for use with tube, at your Firestone dealers' or store. And be sure your next car is equipped with them, too!





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Just in time for the winter driving ahead, Firestone introduces the new, improved Town & Country winter tire with exclusive Triple-Action Traction that gives you (1) sharp-angled cleats and thousands of built-in skid resistors for greatest protection against skidding, (2) deep-biting traction bars for terrific pulling power, (3) self-cleaning action that prevents traction loss due to snow or mud packing up in the tread.

In many localities roads and streets are dry most of the winter . . . and this tire is specially designed to give long wear on dry highways. And here's good news—it is smooth-riding, whine-free and horn-free. Available now with nylon or rayon cord bodies, black or white sidewalls, tubeless or for use with tubes. Have them mounted when you winterize your car at any Firestone dealer or store. Don't wait till the weather breaks—you can have them now on convenient payment terms and enjoy built-in peace of mind!





Mallory Fraternity, in Dees Everette, \$10.95; Monterey in Charcoal, \$12.50; hresbruck in Cordwainers with Feathered Band, \$20.

Take a look at your bright tomorrow—is Mallory Spectator hats that sing with lustrous new colors. Newmaking Mallory textures range from the fabulous velour of the hresbruck and the sleek suede of the Monterey, to the rough-cut look of the Fraternity, adding brilliant style leadership all the way. Other Mallory hats to \$40.

the smart head wears a

Mallory

Mallory Hats, Fifth Avenue, New York . . . the style-inspirators' hats featured in *Esquire's* 1956 Fall Fashion Forum

SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Harold Connolly, strong-armed Boston College graduate who was first American to break 16-point hammer over 250 feet, whirled off 218-foot 165-pounder at Boston to break world mark set by Russia's Mikhail Krivonozov last July.



Johnny Heckmann, 24-year-old Jersey, boomed home seven winners in eight months (including a \$143.28 daily double) at Hawthorne, became second in U.S. turf history to turn trick. Grinned Heckmann: "I learn something new each day."

RECORD BREAKERS

Torgid, Max Baehberg's buy on of Knight Drivers, replaced Gooch Counsel as fastest 2-year-old steeplechaser in history, stepping off mile in 1:59 3/5 and 1:58, under steady hands of John Simpson at Lexington, Ky., to wipe out four world records: best single-mile (two heat marks for 2-year-olds; fastest mile by 2-year-old pacing colt; first 2-year-old to better two minutes more than once [Oct. 2]). Torgid, who piled up record-breaking (for juvenile ponies) \$73,374 while winning 15 heats in 18 starts, was given deserved reward by Queen Beahberg, will race no more this season.

Natelle Myburgh, jerky 16-year-old South African aquarist, hustled 189-yard freestyle in 17.3 at Johannesburg, clipping 3/10 of second off American Joan Adams's world mark (Oct. 6).

Ray Bawdy, lanky 22-year-old Nottingham electronic engineer who was first to cycle 189 miles in under four hours (31, Aug. 26), drove his nine-hp male 100 miles from London to Norwich in three hours, hopped on his bike and pedaled return trip in 3:28.40 to surpass world record held by Professional Ken Jay.

Ron Trade, Kenneth Kemp's 7-year-old gelding, sprouted half-mile in :45 2/5 at Cleveland's Crammond Park for his second U.S. mark in two weeks (Oct. 1).

BASEBALL

New York Yankees dropped first two games in Ebbets Field to St. Louis 6-3 and Baltimore Red Sox 11-6, came back to more

friendly confines of Yankee Stadium to sweep next three from Brooklyn Dodgers in World Series. Right-hander Don Lussen followed 5-3 and 6-2 triumphs by Whitey Ford and Tom Seaver with first perfect no-hit, no-run game in Series history, beating Dodgers and Maglie 3-0 with help of Mickey Marzle's third home run and sending teams back to cozy Ebbets Field for final decision.

BOXING

Dick Richardson, handsome young Welsh welterman and later in long but futile line of British heavyweight hopefuls, showed little skill but came off with victory over faded and fakky CGB puncher Richard Charles when referee disqualified champion for "persistent holding" (see below) to time of boom and catch in 12-000 disgusted patrons at London.

NBA released first of monthly ring ratings, also named craggy-visioned Carmen Basilio, who knocked out Johnny Saxon to regain welterweight title, boss of the month. No. 1 contenders: heavyweight, Archie Moore; light heavyweight, Chuck Spiller; middleweight, Gene Fullmer; welterweight, Tony DeMarco; lightweight, Larry Bardman; featherweight, Cheri Harris; bantamweight, Mario D'Agua; flyweight, Memo Diaz.

Babe Oliva, once tireless puncher who shuffled and bumbled his way to middleweight championship before he became two-time KO victim of Sugar Ray Robinson, called it quits for good on eve of scheduled

comeback at Portland, Ore. Manager Sid Flaherty reluctantly announced decision after consultation with physicians, explained, "His reflexes are too slow and he hasn't felt like his old self."

Paddy DeMarco, former lightweight champion set down in New York because he permitted ex-convict Jimmy Knapp to act as his underover manager, was returned to good graces by Commissioner Julius Helland, who warned DeMarco and everyone else "they must refrain credit to boxing and keep away from people like Knapp, a known bookmaker."

FOOTBALL

Oklahoma continued to rock and roll, crunching Kansas State 66-6 for 32nd straight victory, best in modern college football, but upset honors went to long-suffering Penn, which snapped 19-game losing streak at expense of Dartmouth 14-7, and California, 14-6 winner over Pitt. Michigan State edged stubborn Michigan 9-6 in Big Ten feature, while Ohio State outpowered Stanford 22-13; Iowa squeaked past Oregon State 14-13; UNC and Jon Arnett beat Wisconsin 13-6; Washington surprised Illinois 12-13 in Big Ten vs. Pacific Coast action. In other games, Notre Dame got its first win at expense of Indiana 26-6; Navy overcame Cornell 14-6; Yale punished Brown 20-2; Princeton rolled over Columbia 39-6; little Tufts shocked Harvard 19-13; Tennessee outscored Duke

continued on next page

FOCUS ON THE DEED



HEADS UP, scrambling British soccer players assume a ball-like stance in Manchester United-Arsenal match at London.



HEAD HIGH, Nimble Colby (front) streaks for the finish line and victory in the \$50,731 Kentucky Futurity at Lexington.



HEAD DOWN, Richard Charles (right) hangs on to Dick Richardson, a maneuver which cost him dearly in fight at London.

SCOREBOARD



a good companion
wherever you are

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SPORTSMAN'S FLAK

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COGNAC

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PAKED BOD. MAYNELL, INC., PHILADELPHIA 1, PA.



Harry (The Hat) Walker, onetime *Sage* major league outfielder and short-term manager of St. Louis Cards in 1913, watched his Houston Buffs split four games with Atlanta, then sweep out two to capture Dixie Series.



Julian K. Dooley (Dooley) Roosevelt, Oyster Bay, N.Y. sportsman who was member of U.S. 6-man crew in 1902 Olympics, was one of eight men selected to serve on international jury to judge Olympic Games yachting regatta at Melbourne.

33-30; Vanderbilt used sub to trounce Alabama 33-7.

Chicago Cardinals continued to shock NFL, upsetting New York Giants 35-37 in Eastern Conference, while San Francisco supplied surprise in West, beating Los Angeles 33-36. Chicago Bears bounced back to outscore Green Bay 37-21; Cleveland edged Pittsburgh 14-10; Detroit defeated Baltimore 33-14; Philadelphia barely got by Washington 13-3.

HORSE RACING

Flying Fury and **Romantic**, off at 8 to 1, made it big day for underdogs at Belmont. Dropped down to hurdle races by Cain Hay Stable after disappointing 3-year-old season, Flying Fury came back to show class under racing ride by Ted Atkinson, scampering home by three lengths in \$55,700 Manhattan Handicap. **Romantic**, 8½ to 5½, picked up as second by Chicago advertising executive Freeman Keyes at Keeneland in 1954, staged driving finish to wear down Jet's Charm, won by bare nose in \$36,350 Matron Stakes.

Ribat, unbeaten 4-year-old Italian wonder horse, lost C. V. Whitney's Fisherman woe early pace but outspurred into lead at head of straightaway to win rich Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp (see page 41), his last start before retirement to stud. One Frenchman, watching superb Thoroughbred pick his way through cheering crowd after 16th victory in 16 starts, sighed: "Quel merveille! Now he has nothing more to do but make love."

BOATING

George Simen's Miss U.S. I, with Fred Alter at Detroit handling wheel, bounced over Ohio River to win second and third heats and Governor's Cup for unlimited hydroplanes at Madison, Ind.

MILEPOSTS

ENGAGED—**Paul Anderson**, 23, muscle-bulging 306-pound "Milo of Toccoa," often called world's strongest man, holder of world heavyweight weight-lifting records; and Patricia Gail Taylor, 17, trim 104-pound high school senior; at Toccoa, Ga. Anderson, badly flexing mighty biceps for Olympics at Melbourne, sighed: "If it wasn't love at first sight, it certainly wasn't long after."

MARRIED Ken Rosewall, 21, budding Aussie tennis star who upset countryman Lew Hoad to win U.S. singles title this year, world's No. 2 amateur; and Wilma McIVER, 20; at Brisbane.

DIED—**Stan Ockers**, 38, fast-pedaling Belgian cycling hero, professional road cycling world champion in 1953, two-time runner-up in Tour de France (1954 and 1952); after fall during race, at Antwerp.

WIFE—**Joseph Martin** (Mort) Luby Sr., 52, owner-publisher of National Bowlers Journal and Billiard Review, founder of Bowling Writers' Association of America; of heart attack, aboard Chicago-bound train.



PROUD Sir John Eaton, Deputy Supreme Commander of NATO, lives up with his near record 58-pound walrus at Bermuda.



GRINNING Kefauver enjoys a treat he booked while relaxing at New Mexico ranch of Publisher Robert McKinney.

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TIP FROM THE TOP



Especially for addicts
of the smothered hook

from **JOHN THOREN**, *Myopia Hunt Club, St. Hamilton, Mass.*

A tip that really seems to help my members is the one I use on the practice tee to cure players who are afflicted with quick or smothered hooks. The players who are vulnerable to the smothered hook are almost invariably very right-hand conscious. To drive home to them the proper use of the left hand, I get them to learn to take the right hand completely off the club as they enter the hitting area—which is approximately when the hands pass the right hip on the downstroke.

The practice tee is the place to do this. At first many players find they can't release the right hand. After five or six tries, though, they can get the right hand off the club at the desired time and can swing through perfectly with only the left hand. This comes as a shock to them—they would never have thought it possible. Hitting balls for half an hour or so using this right-hand release gives the player a totally different concept of the golf swing. After he returns to hitting the ball with both hands, he no longer clutches the club in a death grip with his right hand and he goes on to develop the correct feeling he's learned of hitting the ball with the back part of the left hand.

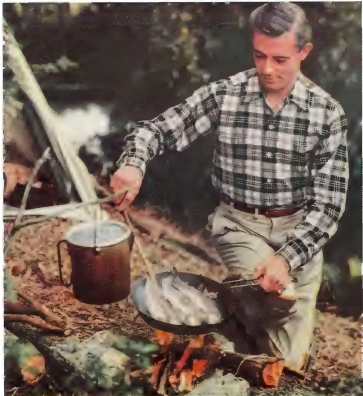
Hitting through with left hand only



Point at right-hand release

Hitting through with both hands

NEXT WEEK: GARDNER DICKINSON JR. ON ACTIVE LEGWORK



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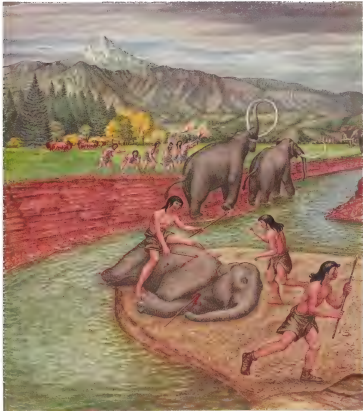
Get it damp with spray, or honest sweat. A Viyella shirt never packs solid or itches—never chafes your neck or wrists. Wear it in a cloudburst if you like. Viyella is

absolutely unafraid of water. It refuses to shrink. Only one warning: choose a tartan you'll really want to *live* with, because Viyella wears for years and years.

Hathaway, the great New England shirtmakers, give Viyella the respectful tailoring it deserves. Run a sharp eye over the shirt in our picture. Note the big ocean pearl buttons, the fly-catcher's rootiness around shoulders and elbows, the scrupu-

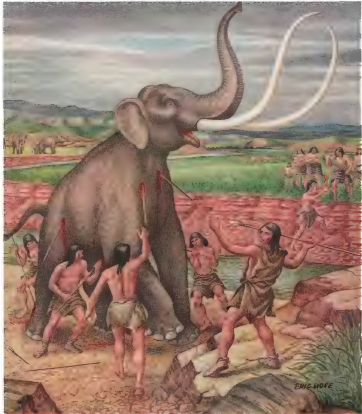
lous matching at pockets and cuffs. You'll find the same pride of work in all twenty authentic Tartans now at better stores.

IMPORTANT: never accept a substitute for Viyella. It has more puzzled imitators than any other fabric. If you can't find the real thing, write C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine—or telephone OXford 7-5466 in New York. Every Viyella garment bears a Viyella label.



WHILE SPEARMEN ATTACK A YOUNG COLUMBIAN MAMMOTH THEY HAVE CORNERED (RIGHT), OTHERS EXTRACT MEATS FROM FALLEN

AN ARIZONA



BABY MAMMOTH LEFT TO HELP IN LARGER KILL BATTONS, BECAUSE THREE MEMBERS GATHER ON SHORE TO HEAD OFF HOWLING BEASTS

HUNT

A big, new prehistoric find reveals relics of the earliest hunt yet chronicled in America: a mammoth kill by Liano men 20,000 years ago, described for the first time on the following pages



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SIZE OF THE KILL shown in painting on the preceding page looks like this today. Sedimentation and erosion have bared the banks above dig, but Huachuca Mountains in background have not changed in 10,000 years. To expose the huge archaeological repository, the excavators had to take away 3,000 tons of dirt and rock.



THE MAMMOTH KILL

by LINCOLN BARNETT

A distinguished American writer evaluates this rare find and re-creates for *Sports Illustrated* the stirring drama of a hunt by prehistoric man

From the distant day in the dawnlight of prehistory when man became man, down from the trees and walking erect on the ground, he has been a hunter. And he has been the most successful hunter the world has ever known. The paradox of his situation is that he came into being bereft of all the natural armament of the hunting animal—no claws, no tusks, no tearing fangs and no protective coat of fur. But, endowed with an inventive brain, he made tools which served as substitutes for the bodily weapons he lacked.

For more than 85% of his entire span on earth—perhaps 150,000 years—man remained the most implacable predator and survivor in the animal kingdom. It was only yesterday, as human history is measured, that he abandoned the hunter's life for that of the farmer, the herdsman, the trader or the craftsman. To this day his sensory equipment is adapted to the hunter's calling. He is farsighted and tends to become more so as he grows older; his mental and muscular reflexes are swift; he has both courage and the

willingness to fight and die for his fellow man. Although the exigencies of urban life impair these assets, his hunter's instincts still persist. And he gratifies them in various ways—in athletic and business competition, in scientific research and exploration and in fishing and hunting for sport.

It is probable that early man, who hunted wild game for food, also regarded hunting as sport. From the beginning he found himself in competition with the largest mammals that ever trod the earth: the mastodon, the mammoth, the saber-toothed tiger, the

dire wolf and the giant ground sloth. All of these mighty beasts are now extinct—no one knows why. Some scientists have attributed their disappearance to changes in climate and vegetation or to disease; still others have guessed that the agent of their destruction was man. It is a curious coincidence that the strongest, most splendid animals that flourished on the North American continent at the end of the ice age vanished forever shortly after man's immigration from the Old World about 25,000-15,000 B.C. On every continent there remain traces of his hunting activity—the bones of his prey, the stone weapons he used to kill them and the charcoal remains of the campfires over which he cooked them.

A few weeks ago, out of the high desert ranges of Arizona, there came an account of one of the most exciting hunts that ever took place on earth. The prey was mammoth—a powerful, long-tusked ancestor of the modern elephant. The hunters were prehistoric Americans who wandered the

continued on next page

In preparing this account of the first great hunt Mr. Barnett was assisted by Peter Tomacorn Ford, Los Angeles; Dr. Emil W. Haug, Director, Arizona State Museum, and head of the Department of Anthropology, University of Arizona; Dr. John F. Lawton, Department of Geology, University of Arizona; E. R. Sinker, Curator, and W. W. Wasley, Archaeologist, Arizona State Museum; Dr. Joshua Bird and Dr. James A. Ford, American Museum of Natural History, New York; and Nick Trinchese of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

continued from page 55

western plains about 8000 B.C. The record of their presence would never have come to light, however, had it not been for the skill of another band of American hunters in 1955-56 A.D. In effect, there were two hunts for the same quarry, separated by an interval of 10,000 years.

The story of the second hunt should be told first.

One day four years ago a disenchanted Easterner named Edward Lehnert eyed a tract of land in the San Pedro Valley of Arizona with the notion of acquiring it for a cattle ranch. Reared in New York State, he had worked several summers as a ranch hand in Arizona and had fallen in love with the desert country. After World War II, in which he served with the Third Army in France, he returned to Arizona and took a job in Tucson. In the fall of 1952 he heard of a small farm in the southeastern corner of the state, near the town of Hereford, a few miles above the Mexican border. Thinking it might serve as a nucleus which he might later expand into a larger holding, he drove down from Tucson one afternoon to look it over.

What he saw was a lovely expanse of Arizona rangeland, carpeted with golden grasses, spangled with green mesquite and cactus and fringed on three sides by the rocky crags and pinnacles of the Huachuca, San Jose and Mule Mountain ranges, soaring to more than 8,000 feet. He noted with interest that the 160 acres of his prospective property were dissected by an arroyo, a dry stream bed, eight or 10 feet deep, floored with sand and gravel and confined by vertical banks of reddish clay. On either side a few stunted cottonwood trees clung precariously to life, lifting gnarled branches to the shimmering sky. The faces of both banks were clearly stratified, with sharply defined layers of clay, silt, sand and gravel. At their base Lehnert observed an unusual dark layer of peatlike sediment. Being an educated man, with an A.B. degree from Colgate, graduate credits from Cornell and a lifelong interest in nature, he examined the dark band more closely. And then he saw something that made him blink. A giant tooth, or rather part of a tooth—a gigantic molar—yellow and crumbly, jettied from the peaty underlayer. Taking out a knife, he cautiously scraped away some of the peat, extracted the tooth and then dug some



DOGGER AND FINDER, Dr. Emil W. Haury of the Arizona State Museum, left, and Rancher Ed Lehnert, hold tibia bone of baby mammoth, which probably was four feet tall.

more. Soon he came across three more bone fragments. Reluctant to disturb what other relics might lie imbedded there, he stopped digging and returned to Tucson with his find.

The next day Lehnert called at the Arizona State Museum and deposited the four pieces of bone on the desk of Dr. Emil W. Haury, director of the museum and head of the anthropology department at the University of Arizona, who immediately recognized them as a tooth plate and parts of the limb bones of a mammoth. It so happened that a few months earlier Dr. Haury had excavated the skeleton of a young adult mammoth in another stream bed only 12 miles away, near the border town of Naco. Its remains were at that moment on display in the museum, together with eight stone spear points which had been found among the ribs and vertebrae, indicating unmistakably that the mammoth had met death at the hands of man. Deeply interested in the relationship between prehistoric man and the big-game animals on which he depended for food, Dr. Haury decided at once to visit the site of Lehnert's discovery. A few days later he drove down to Hereford and examined the banks of the arroyo. He attempted no extensive digging at the time, but preliminary probing convinced him that: 1) the geological stratum in which Lehnert had found the bones was deposited at the same time as that in which the Naco mammoth reposed, and 2) the possibility of finding more bones together with human weapons warranted future investigation.

Not long afterward Lehnert bought the Hereford ranch and settled there

with his wife and young son. For the next three years he concentrated on building up his herd of cattle. But his eyes never strayed far from the arroyo, where, each summer, thunderstorms brought sudden torrents that briefly loosed between the clay banks, only to evaporate and leave the stream bed dry again beneath the Arizona sun. Then, in August of last year, unusually heavy rains carved away large sections of the bank. When the floods had subsided, an array of enormous bones lay exposed. Lehnert again notified Dr. Haury, and this time a systematic excavation was planned. To assist in the project, Dr. Haury enlisted the talents of Dr. Ernest Antevy, geologist; Dr. John F. Lance, paleontologist; Edwin B. Sayles and William W. Wasley, respectively curator and archaeologist of the museum. Beginning in November 1955, a power shovel attacked the bank of the arroyo, gnawing away more than 1,000 tons of dirt, comprising the sedimentation of 10,000 years. Then, when this overburden had been removed, the scientists and their helpers proceeded to the delicate task of probing the heart of the bone bed with hand implements—spades, knives, dental tools and, finally, brushes. Little by little they uncovered a vast slaughter of prehistoric man—a jumbled mass of huge bones, disjointed, disarticulated, interlocked like giant jackstraws. As each fragment was extracted with exquisite care, it was coated with preservative and jacketed in burlap and plaster to prevent fracturing during transfer to the museum.

Between November and February of this year, when the heart of the bone

bed was exhausted, the diggers uncovered the skeletons of nine mammoths, a prehistoric bison, a prehistoric horse and a prehistoric tapir. They also found interpersed among the bones 13 stone spear heads, eight butchering instruments in the form of crude knives, choppers and scrapers and an abundance of charcoal from two big fire pits. All in all, these discoveries constituted one of the most important events in the history of American anthropology. Never before had anyone disclosed so lavishly a kill-site, with the bones of so many mammoths found in association with the tools of the hunters who slew them and feasted on their flesh. Never before had there emerged such clear and abundant evidence of the coexistence of man and mammoth in ancient America, nor so vivid a picture of the primitive hunter's way of life. Here and there, in recent decades, fragmentary findings had recurrently come to light. But the Lehner discovery, as Dr. Haury put it, was an "archaeological bonanza." From the evidence the scientists were able to reconstruct certain events that took place in Mr. Lehner's arroyo one day about 8000 B.C.

The first morning of the first hunt began with a gray overcast of belous

clouds streaking the dappled sky. As the light behind them brightened, a small band of men moved watchfully across the floor of the San Pedro Valley. Moderate of stature but strongly muscled, they had reddish-brown skin, straight dark hair and generally Mongoloid features. They were, on the one hand, the descendants of Asiatic tribesmen who had crossed the Bering Strait into the New World several thousand years earlier; they were also the ancestors of the modern American Indian. A nomadic people, they migrated seasonally from one hunting ground to another, living sometimes in caves, sometimes in brush shelters covered with hides. They had no permanent homes, no villages, for they had not yet discovered the arts of agriculture that eventually would bind them to the soil. Year in and year out they stalked the big game across the land, banded together in small kinship groups of several families each. And as they wandered, their women and children followed after, gathering roots, berries and succulent greens wherever they could be found. Hunger was with them always.

On this particular morning they advanced with special caution, for in the distance their scouts had sighted some

of the biggest and most powerful game that roamed the plains—a herd of Columbian mammoth. The reward of a kill would be great; a single mammoth would provide their band with meat for many days. But the hazards were great too. For weapons they had only spears—wooden shafts four to six feet long, tipped with points of stone. To kill so huge a creature many spears would have to penetrate to vital spots through thick, resistant hide. The spears could not be hurled from a distance. They must be thrust into the animal's body at close range despite the peril of falling tusks and trampling feet.

On a small promontory screened by oak and hickory trees, the leader called a halt. Before the hunters stretched a green and gentle meadowland, plumed with groves of poplar, spruce and mountain ash, bejeweled with blue ponds and sculptured by a river and many tributary streams. The San Pedro Valley had not then shrivelled to desert land, for the great Pleistocene ice caps still extended their frozen tongues far southward, and the Arizona climate remained moist and temperate. The leader of the band pointed his spear toward a clear eddying stream a quarter of a mile below the bluff on which they stood. At a bend in the stream the waters widened into a pool some 50 feet in width, divided by a narrow sand bar and enclosed by vertical banks of red clay, four feet high. Ykese upon the sand bar and in the shallow waters of the pool they saw their prey.

The ambush and the kill

There were eight mammoths in the herd, ranging from full-grown adults, towering more than 12 feet from toe to head, down to tuskless infants four feet high. Unlike the woolly mammoths of the glaciated north, their hides here only short, scraggly hair. From a distance they looked like the Indian elephants of today—save for one feature. The tusks of the mature mammoths were of monstrous proportions—as long as the animal was high—curved inward on themselves like great enfolding arms. In the case of the oldest individuals—75 to 80 years of age—the tusks crossed completely, rendering them useless save as bludgeons. As the hunters watched, the mammoths idled in the gently moving water. Some of them stood motionless where the main channel was five or six feet deep, letting the current lap about their flanks. Others reared up



EVALUATOR, Dr. John F. Lawlor, paleontologist at University of Arizona, examines fresh and skeleton remains which helped to determine the ages and sizes of the mammoths.

continued on next page

wet sand in their trunks and splashed it across their backs.

Now the leader of the band dispatched an order to the women who had lingered in the rear, collecting berries, tubers and nuts. They were to prepare firebrands and join the hunters without delay. It was plain that the mammoths were ideally situated for a surprise attack. Clumsy and slow-moving at best, they would be handicapped by slippery footing and the water of the stream, whose steep banks pinned them in on either side. They could escape only in two directions, upstream or downstream; and perhaps the sight and smell of fire, strategically displayed, would halt their stampede and hold them paralyzed, available for slaughter.

The hunters split into two teams. Diverging in wide arcs, one group headed toward a point far above the pool, the second toward another point below it. As they advanced, they moved with ever greater care, freeing in their tracks, crouching whenever they saw a mammoth raise its trunk and sniff the drifting air. Finally they reached the edge of the stream. Sliding down the slippery embankment, they waded out into the deepest part of the channel and rubbed their bodies vigorously with sand and clay to remove the odor of man. Then slowly, soundlessly, they converged on the mammoths from two directions.

Heads barely above the surface, they stole closer to their enormous prey, step by cautious step, clutching their spears, grasping for firm footing on the shifting sands. When they were a hundred yards away they paused, still unobserved. Across the grasslands, on the distant bluff, they could discern their women holding uplift brands of wood and brush. Now the leader straightened up and raised his hand. From behind a clump of spruce a woman appeared, holding a single burning bough. She touched it in turn to the other brands, and the slope glittered with tiny flocks of flame.

The hunters again moved forward, more rapidly this time, less wary of being observed. Suddenly two of the older mammoths became alert. They tossed their heads and peered near-sightedly from side to side. Then, extending their trunks, they trumpeted a shrill warning. The other mammoths tensed; the calves edged closer to their mothers. For a moment they stood irresolute, as the hunters, moving swift-



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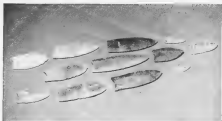
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SPREAD POINTS taken from among the bones were deadly as well as aesthetically pleasing. Fashioned in quartz and flint, the points were bound to shafts with leather thongs.

ly, left the central channel and approached the shallow waters of the pool. Now from the meadows on the right bank there sounded wild shrieks as the women of the tribe raced toward the pool, waving their flaming brands. Terrified by the flickering fire and streamers of smoke, the screams of the women and the shouts of the charging hunters, the mammoths wheeled in panic and then, with the instinct of the herd, massed together and lum-

bered downstream, wild-eyed, stumbling, slipping and splashing in the wake of an aged bull. The hunters in their path separated and scrambled swiftly up the red clay banks. But those who had approached from above the pool hastened in pursuit, converging on a 4-year-old calf which was straggling to stay by its mother's side.

At the end of the sand bar two hunters overtook the little mammoth and plunged their spears into its body, one in the shoulder, one in the belly. The calf screamed in pain and faltered, floundering half on the sand bar, half in the water. A third hunter ran up and, taking his stance directly in front of the wounded animal, thrust his spear deep into its breast, penetrating the lungs. A last gurgling expiration came from its trunk, and then its knees crumpled and the calf fell dead upon the pebbly sand.

Meanwhile the mother mammoth, following the stampeding herd, apprehended her offspring's predicament and halted in her tracks. Hearing her calf's screams of agony, she passed momentarily, rolling her eyes in fear and anger. In this moment of indecision one of the hunters who had ascended the stream from below the pool crept up close behind her and plunged his spear deep into her lower bowels. Dreadfully stricken, she lunged forward, past the body of her fallen calf, trumpeting in torment. As she lifted her trunk, another hunter hurled his spear from close range into the mammoth's throat. A third and a fourth attacked her hind legs, tearing tendons and muscles from the bone. Flailing her great tusks, she staggered blindly about the sand bar, but the hunters pressed their attack. Leaping nimbly out of range and cir-

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IF YOU FIND A MAMMOTH BONE...

WHEN Hanscher Ed Lehnert's caution checked his natural curiosity (see page 38) and he reported to the University of Arizona a strange fragment of tooth he had found 100 yards behind his Arizona home, Lehnert did archaeology a first-rate service. Too often in the past, well-meaning people who happened onto long-buried archaeological artifacts ruined the possibilities for their finds by bungling efforts to excavate the evidence. Lehnert left his find undisturbed and cooperated with the experts who later uncovered on his place. As Dr. Emil W. Harey points out, the Southwest in recent years has become a gold mine for archaeologists. Thanks to settlers who allowed their herds to overgraze the grass cover, the naked arroyos are now exposing considerable evidence of prehistoric man in America. Actually, this evidence has been found in 38 states, but the bulk has been uncovered in Florida, Texas, California, Oregon, Nebraska, Colorado, Nevada, New Mexico and Arizona. In Arizona alone, bone fragments of mammoths have been found in 50 places. If you happen to find an intriguing bone, do what Ed Lehnert did: report it to the nearest university.

Continued on next page

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ARIZONA HUNT

Continued from page 28

eling again from the rear, they thrust spear after spear into her belly and flanks. At last she stood immobilized, bleeding from a dozen wounds, mortally injured but still erect, towering above her midge assailants. Then abruptly she toppled and crashed upon the shaking strand.

As she lay dying, the other mammoths continued their frenzied stampede downstream. Three adults and a calf came to a section where the banks were lower and, emerging from the stream bed, attained the safety of solid ground. Two others—an adult male and his young mate—lagged behind, frightened temporarily by the howling, torch-waving women on the bank. Then they plodded on to join the rest of the herd.

Unlike modern hunters, primitive man did not slaughter hosts of living creatures for lust of killing; he slew only to sustain his immediate needs. And so the tribesmen allowed the surviving mammoths to wander unmolested across the valley, and proceeded jubilantly to butcher their kill. With their stone knives they carved great chunks of meat from the bones, and with their stone scrapers they separated it in long strips from the hide. They built two great fires at opposite ends of the sand bar to repel vultures and jackals, beetles and blowflies and other carrion-eaters that swiftly would be attracted to the site. And over the fires they roasted their initial feast, beginning with the choicest trifles which ever were the hunter's first reward: eyeballs, tongue and brains.

By sundown the best meat had been removed from the two carcasses and wrapped in the mammoth's own skin for preservation. Shouldering their burdens, the hunters filed up the grassy slope to their encampment on the terrace of the valley, leaving the bones where they lay to be picked clean by the multitudinous scavengers of earth and sky.

In the weeks that followed, the green floor of the San Pedro Valley was crisscrossed time and time again by roving herds of bison, horses, antelopes and mammoth. But it was not until the tribesmen's meat supply was nearly gone that they ventured forth to hunt again. How many forays they made that summer no one can ever know. But the evidence of the bone bed reveals clearly that the shallow pool with its sand bar and steep clay banks provided a natural ambush, a lure for all

manner of big game and a rich hunting ground for man. The size mammoths and other animals that perished there may have been slain in a single season—or two or three. But that they died not only in the same place but at almost the same time is shown by the close entanglement of their skeletons and the uniform workmanship of the human weapons that lay buried with their bones.

The hunters might well have prepared these for many another year had it not been for a change in the local weather. For some reason the San Pedro Valley grew wetter for a time; its meadows turned into marshlands, and layer on layer of silt and sand piled up in the ancient channel, filling the stream bed and covering the silent bones. This was the first in a series of accidents that enshrouded them for the eye of modern man. For the creation of a swamp wrapped them in snug protective jackets of silt and clay, thus insulating them against chemical and bacterial action and immobilizing them against the violence of scavengers or floods. Then, as the northern glaciers receded toward the Pole, the Arizona climate gradually became drier, creating the southwestern arid land which has preserved the bones as Egyptian relics have been preserved in the desert plateaus above the Nile.

Nature and chance

They might have lain those unobserved forever had it not been for two other fortuitous events. The first was the cutting of a modern erosion channel, beginning half a century ago and terminating in the washout of 1955, which plainly exposed the bones. And finally, as Dr. Haury has pointed out, they were found by an alert and perceptive man who recognized their scientific value.

"Take all these factors working together," says Dr. Haury, "and you will realize why such finds are rare. There are perhaps thousands of similar bone beds, deep under the ground or just a few inches down. But it is only through chance coincidences of nature and human intelligence that man can read the fragmentary record of his past."

Such coincidences came into play at Herold, Arizona. And it was because of them that Dr. Haury and his associates were able to discern through the mists of 10,000 years one vivid chapter in man's long history as a hunter, disclosing the prowess and bravery of prehistoric Americans in pursuit of the biggest game on earth. (ENR)

As expected, Ribot breezed in the Arc de Triomphe; now, with 16 victories in a row, he is established as

ONE OF THE GREAT

The most gigantic equine combat of all time"—such was the billing given by the French press to this week's 35th renewal of the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, run over a mile and a half on the Longchamp track in Paris, but the description turned out to be no more accurate than it was modest. Between the bottom of the 2,300-foot stretch and the winning post there was no combat at all. Ribot, the Italian superhorse, was all on his own, and the official margin of his victory—six lengths—was meaningless as an indication of his superiority.

The Arc de Triomphe is just about Europe's biggest race. A weight-for-age event for 3-year-olds and upward, it was this year worth about \$125,000 in prize money. Its habitual international flavor was heightened by the presence of five foreign competitors: the great Italian, two Anglo-Irish colts, and two Americans. Although Ribot, who won this race last year, attracted most respect, it was C. V. (Sonny) Whitney's entry, Career Boy and Fisherman, which stirred the most interest. Not since the Kentucky Derby winner, Omaha, was beaten in the 1956 Ascot Gold Cup, has the U.S. made a serious bid to win a European classic.

The French had a double reason for welcoming Whitney's gesture. They recognized in it a sparkling reflection of Europe's recently established tradition of sending good horses over to race in the International invitation event at Laurel, and they also saw in the publicity, which the Arc de Triomphe would get on both sides of the Atlantic, a means of making further inroads into the American buyers' market—for which they are in bitter competition with British and Irish bloodstock.

The American contingent—composed of Whitney himself, Racing Manager Iver Bakling, Trainer Syl Velthuis and jockeys Eddie Arcaro and Sam Boulmetis—evidently considered the trip a venture in high sporting diplomacy. Their urbanity at all times—at the receptions where they were wine

counts who manage French racing—was almost painful. Arcaro, wearing a conservative dark suit and holding a caviar sandwich in two fingers of his left hand, could have been mistaken for a First Secretary at the embassy.

The day before the big race, Eddie and Sam were both given French mounts in several races—a courteous gesture designed to familiarize them with the peculiarities of the Longchamp track. It gave the habitué of Belmont and Jamaica something of a shock to recognize the familiar and prominent features of The Master in these Parisian surroundings. The feeling of unreality was heightened on noticing the genial smiles which wreathed those features as Eddie rode around the paddock, so different from the stony downcast with which he usually accepts the mingled hoots and applause in New York.

Arcaro had no success at all. In his very first race on French soil, Eddie fell from his horse as the barrier went up, and took no further part in the contest. In fairness, it must be emphasized that Arcaro and Boulmetis had serious

handicaps to overcome. Neither had ridden in Paris before. They had to race in a clockwise direction and over a course which undulated (in the European tradition of making horses run over terrain which is as close to nature as safety permits).

The day of the big race dawned cold and wet. The turf was yielding and slippery. The huge Paris crowd (estimated at 100,000) made Ribot an overwhelming 3 to 5 favorite. When the money had come in from the off-track mutuels, strategically situated in bistros all over France, the Whitney entry was on offer at 24 to 1. Second choice in the 20-horse field was Marcel Boussac's filly, Apollonia.

The start was excellent. Syl Velthuis had told French reporters that each of the Whitney horses would run his own race, but Sam Boulmetis shot out of the gate with Fisherman and immediately speeded up a three-length lead, setting the pace for Career Boy as he had done in the United Nations Handicap at Atlantic City last month. Ribot was in third place, and Career Boy in the middle of the pack.

Fisherman held the lead down the steep right-hand turn into the straightaway, where he vanished into the rack. Up to this point, Ribot's Italian jockey, Enrico Carniel, had been almost motionless. Now, without touching his rein, he shook up his horse. As if some button had been pressed to set in motion a marvelous mechanism, the small, stocky Ribot seemed to double his pace. He spent up a vast amount of

continued on next page



PROUD RIBOT, foreground, strides by Longchamp stands following workout which preceded his second straight sensational victory in the rich Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe. Italian 4-year-old champ now goes into retirement with an undefeated string of 16 wins.

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HORSE RACING

continued from page 51

daylight between himself and the field. Talgo, the Irish Derby winner and a 100 to 1 shot, made a gallant effort along the rail which left him a clear second, but he never got on terms of discussion with the Italian. Behind Talgo, in a fury of whips, two French colts fought for third place, and near the winning post they were joined by Career Boy, whom Arcaro brought on with a long and impressive run on the outside. Sliding into the last turn, which he took very wide, Career Boy lost a lot of valuable ground. Otherwise, he would have been third, perhaps second. As it was, the photo showed him fourth at the wire, a short head behind Francois Dupre's Tazenko.

Arcaro got a fine hand as he returned to the scales, but, of course, the cheers were for Ribot. Thousands of Italians danced in delight, brandished salami sandwiches and charged to the bars to celebrate in champagnes.

This was Ribot's 16th victory in as many starts over three years of racing. His co-owners, the Marchese Inesina Della Rochetta and Donna Lydia Tosto (widow of his breeder), took a great risk in running their horse for a

second time in a race he had already won once, and so soon before his scheduled retirement. Defeat might have slashed a quarter of a million dollars off his marketable value. There is no way of guessing how much Ribot is worth, but after the race European breeders were estimating it at around \$2 1/4 million.

It was turf history in the making which we witnessed at Longchamp this week. Ribot is surely one of the horses of the century and will be so judged in European annals. Yet Densa Tosto, whose late husband was a breeding genius, says she is as good as Ribot. The name, for your notes: Grigoriesso. (C.N.B.)

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STRUGGLE AND PRAYER

College football vied-boomed into October, drawing vast crowds and regaling them with crunching excitement, as shown below and on the following two pages: a time of wonderful strain and struggle—indeed even a time of prayer

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERBERT MORG



MICHIGAN STATE Halfback Clarence Paula gets off punt barely ahead of charging Michigan line that barred State kickers

all day. Outplayed in the first half, State came back alert and determined, forced game-winning errors. For details see page 66.

VICTORY CIRCLE COACH DUFFY DAUGHERTY IN POSTGAME PRAYER



LORENEN MATSKO, BURKE CIRCLE COACH WITH POSTGAME CHIEF





SUCCESSFUL LATERAL from Dave Davis to Gene Hall helped Missouri come close to upsetting Southern Methodist. SMU won 35-27.



SUCCESSFUL PASS from Chuck Curtis to All-American Jim Brink helped Texas Christian over a hard-bitten Arkansas 41-4.



SURROUNDED by two Pittsburgh ends, California's Joe Centestabile is thrown for 19-yard loss. Pitt attack failed in 14-0 defeat.



UPENDED by Nebraska's Dick McCashland is Iowa State's Chuck Lattig. Last minute field goal won for Nebraska 9-7.

FEET, DESPERATE LEAPS, FALLING BODIES



HARD-CHARGING UCLA line almost blocks kick by Oregon's Jack Morris. Similar tactics caused many Oregon fumbles; UCLA recovered

four, one of which led to first-quarter touchdown, played usual ground-control game of Coach Red Sanders, beat Oregon 6-4.



FLOWING THROUGH Purdue line, Minnesota's Rich Barwood makes first down, later scored as Minnesota came from behind to win 21-14.



TWISTING THROUGH Wisconsin's defense, U.S.N. Joe Amati gets down to fourth line, later scored to lead 14-0 victory.



REACHING HIGH, Mike Stewart just missed pass in end zone after eluding Columbia's Art Wilson, but Princeton routed Lions 39-6.



RIDING HIGH after Pennsylvania beat Dartmouth 14-7, for first victory since 1935, is Penn game hero John T. Wright.

FOOTBALL: THIRD WEEK

The crowds were growing larger despite some nasty weather, and the games were starting to count—toward league and national titles

MICHIGAN STATE 9

WHEN Michigan plays archrival Michigan State—as Fritz Crisler, Michigan's athletic director, noted on the eve of the big game—it's civil war. Last Saturday each team brought along its blitzkrieg offense, but the game was fought and won up in the trenches where the linemen wage their savage, static combat. When the head-butting was over, the Michigan State infantry had outlasted Michigan. "It was," said State Coach Duffy Daugherty, raising his Irish tenor over the dressing room bedlam, "the hardest-fought game I've ever seen."

Getting ready for Michigan, Duffy devised a battle plan that was straight-forward and simple. "We hope to spread out the defense by splitting our linemen," he said, "and then run up the middle." Duffy had the power for the job—Halfback Clarence Peaks and Walt Kowalskyk. To shackle this pair, Michigan Coach Bennie Oosterbaan had his linemen charging mole-low all week long in a slashing converging defense. His penetrating linemen might run into mousetraps, Bennie admitted, but then again they might do some damage. Up in the stadium at Ann Arbor, a sellout crowd of 101,992 ("largest ever to see a sports event in the state," crowed Crisler), huddled under umbrellas and wet newspapers and peered through an intermittent rainstorm in soggy

astonishment as Oosterbaan's charging linemen stacked up State's celebrated attack.

Under the stands at half time Duffy often pulls a new offense out of his bag of tricks. Against Michigan he drew up a new defense: a seven-man front with two men frequently dropping out as linebackers. To defend against passes, Duffy deployed his backs in the "Umbrella," an arc formed by two wide halfbacks and two inside safety men.

That did it. Michigan's tiring linemen could not handle the combination of Duffy's new formation and tough reserves. Michigan Fullback John Herrstein, an 18-year-old sophomore, tried a jump pass early in the third quarter.

Instantly State Linebacker Arch Matsko took a step back, stuck up one hand and made a deft interception. Nine plays later State Captain John Matsko riveted his eye on the ball and calmly kicked a field goal from the Michigan 21, the first he had ever tried.

At the start of the fourth quarter, Herrstein tried again. Running like a Patton tank, he smashed through the State line for five yards and then felt the ball disappear as he was hit by an arm-wrenching tackle. Minutes later Halfback Dennis Mendyk slashed over right tackle for a touchdown and the ball game.

—JAMES ATWATER

THE ELEVEN BEST TO DATE

Georgia Tech	Oklahoma
Miami	Southern California
Michigan State	Tennessee
Michigan	Texas A&M
Massachusetts	Texas Christian
Ohio State	



OHIO STATE 32 Beautiful, rapierlike passing by John Brodie (12), carved the Ohio State defense as deftly as a surgeon's scalpel, but Stanford, its line riddled by injuries to no less than seven players, could not interrupt the momentum of State's ponderous, crashing attack. Although Brodie passed for 269 yards and two touchdowns, the decision finally tilted with Ohio State's brute force and their heavy troops.



ARMY 14 Bob Kysasky (22), here dragged down from behind by Penn State's Sam Valentine (60) after an eight-yard gain, settled comfortably into job as Army's T quarterback, hustling Cadets to two quick first-quarter touchdowns. The converted halfback then turned to defensive heroics, intercepted a vital pass, made a saving tackle on Penn State's brilliant Bruce Gilmore to preserve the fruits of his labor on offense.

HALLELUJAH DAY AT FRANKLIN FIELD

THERE WAS ROARISH SINGING in the University of Pennsylvania showers, the first in three years. Beads of happy sweat twinkled on Coach Steve Sebo's forehead as he autographed bits and pieces of goal posts. The chimes atop Ivy-elad Irvine Auditorium pealed "Glory, glory, hallelujah!" For Penn had just beaten Dartmouth 14-7. It was Penn's first victory in 20 starts, its first under Coach Sebo, in its first game of official Ivy League competition. Victory had come, at long last, after years of fruitless and futile tramping under the cleats of Notre Dame, Army, Duke, Navy and California.

For Penn, and for Sebo, it looked to be the beginning of a new era. Penn, freed of an ahead schedule, could anticipate sensible competition in its own league. Sebo, who once had coached little Alma College to an undefeated season and later had helped coach Michigan State's famous pony backfield to a Rose Bowl victory, could expect the refurbishing of his reputation.

The season began under poor auspices. Penn State clobbered Penn 34-0. Most Penn students had never seen their team win a football game. Not even the six seniors on the 50-man squad had experienced victory. Before the Dartmouth game the team was tense, grimly silent, almost numb. Penn did not look like a team that was "up."

Nor did it look that way in the opening minutes, when Dartmouth, downsing a punt on its own 36-yard line, advanced in six plays to a touchdown and converted. One of

the plays was a whistling pass from Quarterback Mike Brown, son of the Cleveland Browns' coach, to End Monte Pascoe for a 48-yard gain. Brown's faking on that play, from Dartmouth's curious V formation, was worthy of one of his papa's quarterbacks. He sneaked over from the one for the touchdown.

The wise men in the press box concluded that this was the way it would be. So did Dartmouth. Coach Bob Blackburn, who had no way of knowing the Penn team's great determination, sat in his second team. Whereupon, on the first play after the kickoff, Penn's John Wright went over right guard for a 56-yard run and a first down on Dartmouth's 35. Penn punched over a touchdown in six plays.

The second Penn touchdowns, the winner, came on a sustained drive from its 28-yard line, where it picked up a Dartmouth fumble. Penn students could not wait for victory to be official. A minute before the game ended, they had swarmed onto the field on mass and smashed down both goal posts. Referee Albie Booth didn't penalize Penn for the breach. He understood. —MARTIN KANE



HAPPY STEVE SEBO MEET BROWN

TEXAS CHRISTIAN 41
ARKANSAS 6

TENNESSEE 33
DUKE 20

THE REMARKABLE development in this year's TCU football team, which demolished a perfectly respectable Arkansas squad in the TV Game of the Week while opening its defense of the Southwest Conference title, is that the rest of the club has caught up with Jim Swink. The slim star of last year's champions now cheerfully shares top billing with a covey of backs who can do their jobs almost as well as he does his and with a line which makes it look almost easy for all of them.

The scoring tells the story of their offensive balance. The first touchdown came on a pass from Chuck Curtis, the poised quarterback, to Ken Wineburg, the fast and powerful right half, who was ignored in the end zone while Curtis bamboozled Arkansas into looking somewhere else. Wineburg scored the second on a simple sweep around end for 46 yards after the secondary had followed Swink on a fake into the line and Guard Joe Williams had obliterated the corner man. Curtis scored the third on a sneak, setting it up with a 36-yard pass to Swink. Swink got the fourth from a foot out. Buddy Dike, a fine fullback, scored the fifth on two straight trap plays, good for a total of 53 yards. The sixth was scored by a substitute after TCU recovered an Arkansas fumble on the latter's 18-yard line.

Swink is still the lead horse, a sure gainer every time he is called on to carry the ball (in addition to his 86-yard pass completion, he gained 71 yards in 13 carries). According to Coach Abe Martin, one of his greatest boosters, Swink's very presence tightens up the defense and makes the job easier for his teammates. —WILLARD C. RAFFERTY

EVERY WEEK Tennessee looks more like a national football power, and Johnny Majors looks more like an All-America football player.

The hardy, beautifully coached Volunteers exploded time and again from their classic single wing at Durham Saturday to wallop Duke in a drenching downpour. The magnificent Majors was at his tailback post only for the first 19 minutes. He wasn't needed thereafter. In these few minutes, Johnny managed 166 yards in seven twisting, tightrope carries, one pass completion in two tries for 12 more yards. He scored the first two touchdowns on thrilling runs of 17 and 28 yards, set up the third Vol score and then retired as Tennessee spent the rest of the afternoon showing that it has two sub tailbacks—Al Carter and Carroll Young—who are nearly as good as Johnny.

The deception and crunching efficiency of Tennessee's single wing was beautiful. Majors and his successors span nicely on fullback fakers, rolled out to either side, then cut in behind deadly blocking and picked their way through the secondary—stopping, starting, fainting and just plowing for long gains. The deep reverse, with Wingback Bill Anderson outgunning confused defenders, added variety to the imaginative attack. The Vol guards cleared gaping holes straight ahead for fast-starting Fullback Tommy Brotsen. Trap plays worked for good gains up the middle and, altogether, the Vols rolled up 333 yards rushing.

No doubt about it—the Vols proved conclusively that the ancient single wing can still be a murderous instrument in modern football (see page 76). —LEE GRIGGS

AROUND THE COUNTRY

by DON PARKER

THE WORLD SERIES might have gripped the East, but football had a half Nelson on the Middle West, where 161,001 fans flocked to see Michigan State tame Michigan at Ann Arbor, where 82,881 Ohio State partisans held their breath at Ohio Stadium in Columbus, as the home team barely squeaked past an injury-ridden Stanford with two last-period touchdowns. Thus Ohio State and Michigan State, who do not play one another, now remain as the Big Ten's only unbeaten candidates for top national rating. Oklahoma, with only one seriously testing opponent (a subpar Notre Dame team) on its 10-game schedule, retained its national stature—as it must through most of the season—by overwhelming a mismatched foe: in this case, Kansas State. Confirming its new status as a giant of the South, Tennessee gave Duke another nudge down the incline from its once-lazy national rating in a game of unimhibited scoring. Of the South's three other leading contenders, Georgia Tech was idle, Miami easily defended the homeland against Boston College and Mississippi successfully invaded the Southwest. Also in the Southwest, TCU gave a coast-to-coast TV performance of its tremendous strength, while Texas A&M, the area's other outstanding entry in the national sweepstakes, improved its reputation at the expense of Texas Tech. In the Far West, USC remained the only team open for national honors by invading the Midwest and scoring one of the Pacific Coast's two wins over Big Ten teams this year.

THE EAST

WITH ALL the Ivy League having now seen action, the positions were taking shape with Yale and Princeton at the top, Columbia and Dartmouth at the bottom and Brown in the middle. The event of first importance, of course, was Pennsylvania's emergence into the victor's circle, 14-8, over Dartmouth after 19 straight losses dating back to 1953 (see page 87). Overcoming an early Dartmouth lead, the lopped-up Red and Blue team tackled and blocked so hard that it had to be considered a team victory without individual heroes. Yale overran Brown 38-8 after one of its usual lachrymose starts which gave the team a bare 6-0 lead at the half. But the Elm was full of adrenalin as the second half started, marched off a quick touchdown and thereafter dominated the game with a stronger line that thwarted Brown's abortive comeback passes. Good running by Halfback Al Ward and Dennis McGill indicated better days ahead for the Bulldog. The Princeton Tiger, still feeling off the tamer games of the league, chewed up Columbia 39-8 after the enervated Lions lost Claude Ruskas, their ace power and quarterback, early in the game. Harvard, rarely a serious threat to anyone until it taken on Yale and Princeton in November, bowed meekly to Yale Tufts 19-13. Navy and Army continued undefeated with respective wins over Cornell (14-6) and Penn State (14-7). Cornell, still to play its first Ivy League game, stopped the Middle effectively in the first half, but they were holding against Navy's second team, which Coach Eddie Ebelake had started after he had scored on the practice drills of his regulars. The devoted

first squad took over in the second half, however, and scored both touchdowns to win the game and Coach Eddie's favor. Army once again started like a steam roller and gashed across two touchdowns before Penn State could say "time out."

That same little Connecticut threw into Yale last weekend was no accident. The UConn hog-tied Rutgers, 27-7, and established themselves as the Yankee Conference favorite. They also came within two minutes of interrupting a Rutgers 97-game scoring streak which dates back to 1944. Rhode Island, 1958 Yankee champion, lost their second in three games, 18-7, to New Hampshire. Rumored discord among teammates played the loss of Head Coach Hal Kopp to Brigham Young seems to have compounded Rhode Island's problems in this, an obvious rebuilding season. Other scores:

Amherst 41, Illinois 21
Pennell 41, BPI 8
Pulaski 20, Rochester 8
Purdue 28, Colgate 8
Georgia 22, Michigan 8
Columbia 17, Delaware 14
Yale 31, Rutgers 8
Mass 34, Harvard 8

Stanford 26, Duke 26
Georgia 26, North Carolina 26
Dartmouth 21, Jacksonville 21
Temple 18, Wake Forest 24
Tulsa 40, Boston 21
Western 18, Coast State 17
Michigan 42, Iowa 8

Score 1: 18, Sam 11
North Carolina 8, 8, Maryland 7
Washington 13, Boston College 7

While Tech was idle, Tennessee was blasting a good Duke team 33-28, and Vanderbilt was blasting a much-improved Alabama with unfathomable violence 32-7. Maryland's 14-8 defeat by Baylor indicates the Terps have dropped to the level of the field in the Atlantic Coast Conference.

In intracference games in the SEC, Georgia finally managed its first touchdown in three games, but it came 38 seconds from the end, and Mississippi State already was far in front, winning 19-3. Flawed Florida fumbled in the end, and Kentucky capitalized twice for scores on route to a 17-8 victory. An interconference game with Auburn came over Duke Furman 41-8.

South Carolina's Coach Warren Glass, who was an assistant to Jim Tatum at Maryland last year, forgot neither oblige as his new charges upended Tatum's new pupils at North Carolina 14-6. Fine quarterbacking by Maude Fricke and shrewd running by Halfback King Dunn gave Glass's gritty Gamecocks all the edge they needed over the rebuilding Tar Heels.

Self: North Carolina State Halfbacks Dick Charley and Dick Hunter ran Clemson ragged for three quarters, performing out of a confusing assortment of split-T and single-wing formations, but the Tigers recovered with two late scores and a 13-7 victory. Virginia bottled up Wake Forest and upset the Deam in a tight one 7-6.

In the Southern Conference, high-scoring Citadel trounced all over an undermanned Shelton 49-6, while Davidson proved its way through a pep-soup 14 to win its homecoming game from Presbyterian 28-6. Virginia Tech broke up a tight game with two quick scores in the third period for a 20-7 victory over Florida State. Defense was ignored as VMI outscored Wake Forest 35-20.

Among the independents, Miami put the lid on Boston College's vacated passing game and walked to a 27-6 victory Friday night, and Mississippi Southern beat Dayton. Other scores:

THE SOUTH

THROUGH MANY TOP TEAMS in both the Atlantic Coast and Southeastern conferences were engaging outside opponents in miserable weather last weekend, a vague general outline of both conference races began to emerge. It is a picture of excellent balance that promises close races, with some unexpected contenders. Mississippi and Georgia Tech still rate at the top of the SEC, but Tennessee and Vanderbilt are coming fast, perhaps too fast.

THE MIDWEST

BIGGEST GAME in the Midwest last Saturday was the Michigan-Michigan State showdown at Ann Arbor (see page 86). The 5-0 State win took the Spartans a giant's step toward a Big Ten championship. For Michigan, the defeat was a bitter blow but did not end its dream of a Rose Bowl trip, since neither Michigan State nor Ohio State may go. Minnesota, shrugged off in preseason forecasts, continued to play as though it, too, smelled roses. In their first outing, the Gophers routed Washington. Last Saturday they came from behind twice to

kneel off **Purdue** 21-14. **Ohio State** continued to roll sweetly on the ground while **Indiana** played a surprisingly good game against **Notre Dame** but lost 20-6. The Irish, incidentally, may be a good deal weaker than anyone expected a few weeks back. **Wisconsin** threw a scare into powerful **Southern California** before losing 12-6, as Jon Annett averaged seven yards per carry as 26 tries and scored the deciding touchdown for the Trojans. **Northwestern** lost 14-10. **Tulane**, 14-20, when the Green Wave's poor backs ripped off three touchdowns in the second period. **Iowa** remained undefeated by passing for two quick touchdowns in the fourth quarter to beat stubborn **Oregon State** 14-13.

Ohio came to share the Big Seven conference leadership with several other teams Saturday, which is one of the few times the Season has had to share anything. They used five full teams and a couple of sixth-team players while setting a new, modern college victory string at 22 with an easy win over **Kansas State** 36-0.

Halfback Bob Stranicky raved 86 yards in the fourth quarter to earn **Colorado** a wild 26-23 conference victory over **Kansas**. Sophomore Klums Foster's two-point punts spelled the difference. **Nebraska's** George Handman kicked a 18-yard field goal with 41 seconds remaining, and the Cornhuskers extended a jinx over **Iowa State** to 31 years, 9-7. **Seattle** **Mathews** scored four times on passes and edged **Wisconsin** 35-27, with Quarterback Charlie Arnold adding to his brilliant 1955 record with three touchdowns passes. Other scores:

Boiling Green 55, Duke 7
 Oklahoma A&M 21, Nebraska 6
 S. Dakota 27, E. Dakota 14
 Tulsa 24, Northville 0
 Texas 21, Ohio 7
 Utah 27, St. Andrews 19

THE SOUTHWEST

THE Southwest Conference opener **Team Christian** humiliated **Arkansas** 41-6, gaining 350 yards on the ground, 50 in the air. All-America Jim Fuisz picked up 71 yards, caught a 36-yard pass, scored once on a short kick, but was outstruck by Running Back Ken Wiesberg who gained 88 yards and Fullback Buddy Dike who made 85. **West Virginia** led a 82-yard last-quarter Team march on the onelash line for two downs and emerged a 7-6 victor. **Texas A&M** rattled **Texas Tech** 40-7 and climbed back into national prominence. While the Aggies' stick-fingered ends caught passes for three first-half touchdowns, A&M also moved well on the ground, rolling up 334 yards rushing. **Missouri** posted, a 55-yard run by Howard Tosheter and a 32-yard dash by Frank Ryan to smooth a surprisingly strong **LNU** 23-14.

Quarterback Ray Brown and Fullback Paige Cethren collaborated on slick hand-offs and pass plays to spark **Mississippi** to a 14-0 victory over belly **Houston**. **Mississippi** marched 94 yards the first time it had the ball, then contained the Houston aerial circus for its 12th straight win.

Jack Hill scored twice as **Utah State** upset **Arizona** 22-7, once as a 60-yard return of a pass interception. **Arizona's** Art Lapping picked up 27 yards and made seven only 44 in six games to tie the all-time college career rushing record of 1,212. He scored **Arizona's** lone marker. Other scores:

Arizona State 26, Mt. AB&T 7
 Texas Western 26, N. Mex. 3

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

UTAH and **WYOMING** U. kept pace in their march toward the Skyline Conference championship (they meet in Laramie October 26) with weekend victories. **Utah** smothered **Religious Young University** 41-6, scoring three touchdowns in the final period when Cougar defenses collapsed. **Wyoming**, however, had to battle down to the whistle to whip stubborn **Colorado A&M** 26-12. The Cowboys rolled up a 29-6 lead, then had to fight off four deep Aggie thrusts, one of which got through. Tailback Jim Crawford was the work horse for Wyoming. He scored once from 31 yards out and carried 19 times for 68 yards. Wingback John Watts provided the most sensational run of the day with an 83-yard scamper on a reverse around left end. He got precision blocking the length of the field and scored, puffing but standing.

Denver won its first of the season, handed **Nebraska** its fourth straight loss 22-13. All the scoring in this one was in the first half, the officials taking over in the second half. In fact, the striped shirts had a field day as they marched off too much yardage in their outbursts, another time getting the downs mixed up, and finally permitting an ineligible receiver to catch a pass. Star for **Denver** was George Colbert—and converted to halfback last week—who picked up 114 yards in 14 carries.

The **Air Force Academy** turned loose a devastating corps of ground troops in thrashing hapless **Colorado College** 33-14 at Colorado Springs. The Academy boys looked like big-time football in their first varsity appearance at home. Coach Buck Shaw has them mixing with precision and

smartness. Even though the opponent was too much, the Academy is beginning to fall into the fine football tradition of Annapolis and West Point. Other scores:

Cal Aggies 27, Nevada 28
 Cal State 18, Adams State 0

FAR WEST

CALIFORNIA's victory over high-ranking **Pittsburgh** was anything but a fluke. In the first half Pitt was penalized 80 yards, mostly for illegal use of hands, and the penalties came at strategic times to break up Pitt marches. As the game progressed, the Bear defense grew stronger against Pitt's ground power. The Panthers, a running team, were forced into the air in the late stages to attempt a regroup, as California promptly intercepted two passes. Coach Pappy Walden called this "California's best game in three years." In the PCC Purity League, Cal is now definitely a Rose Bowl possibility.

College of the Pacific downed a tough **Cleveland** squad 21-15 to remain undefeated. Feather-tipped Dyck Bass was back in stride, gained 181 of COP's 237 rushing yards for a 9.5 average in 19 carries. Bass ran 53 yards for the second COP touchdown and set up a third with a 24-yard run. **Washington State** ruffled the stubbers but clipped **Idaho Vandals** 33-19.

Washington upset favored **Illinois** 28-13, before 36,000 at Seattle. The Illini took the opening kickoff, marched to the Husky two in seven plays, only to lose possession as a fumble. A couple of plays later, Dean Derby, Washington halfback, completely turned the game about, raved over left tackle for 92 yards to put the Huskies out front 7-6. It was the longest run from scrimmage in Washington's history. The Illini appeared to come apart after Derby's devastating run and fumbled away frequent first-half chances to pull even.

WCLA beat **Oregon** 6-0 for its 17th straight PCC victory. Other scores:

Cal Poly 48, Pepperdine 18
 Wash. St. 18, Whitworth 8
 San Diego 19, 21, San Diego 22, San Diego 3

PIGSKIN PANORAMA

BERKSWORTH's Bob McKee, noting that the whistle had not blown after three Cornell College players downed a punt, scooped up the ball and ran 72 yards for a winning touchdown, ending a 13-game losing streak.

TRADITIONAL TROPHIES began changing hands again last week. One of the few to cross school lines was The Goal—won by Cuckier from St. Olaf 18-6.

WHITWORTH COLLEGE, of Spokane, Washington, winners of 29 straight over a three-year period, finally lost one—to Central Washington 19-7.

VITAL STATISTICS: Ernie (USC) Zarnipow's 85-yard quick kick against Wisconsin. Dean (Washington) Derby's 92-yard run against Illinois. Ninety-nine-yard TD marches by USC (against Wisconsin) and South Carolina (against North Carolina).

JUNIATA opened its season under a new coach but kept up old habits, beating Mercian for Juniata's 29th consecutive victory over a 4-year period.

HERMAN HICKMAN SAYS:

THE TENNESSEE SYSTEM, which is enjoying such success this season, is not just a set of plays from a single-wing balanced-line formation; rather,



OUTSIDE REVERSE is weak side against overbaited defense has the fullback spin and give to wingback who takes going inside, swings deep and cuts outside end.

It is a philosophy of football. Many coaches, such as Bobby Dodd at Georgia Tech, Murray Warmath at Minnesota, DeWitt Weaver at Texas Tech and Billy Manks at Houston, inculcated in the stern virtues of the single wing, have abandoned the original alignment but still teach its tenets. Pure practitioners of the teachings of the patriarch, General Bob Neyland, are Bowden Wyatt at Tennessee, "Red" Sanders at UCLA and Tommy Prothro at Oregon State. Wyatt and Sanders have met with tremendous success using this "old-fashioned," orthodox formation, and Prothro is definitely rising star in the Pacific Northwest.

Possibly the off-tackle power play, as diagrammed, best expresses the philosophy of the Tennessee system: two-on-one blocking on both the defensive tackle and end with two guards leading the tailback through the hole. This is the base play of the Tennessee attack and, in order for the offense to be successful, must be established. Alone, while plays by power games are rich in variety, many of deception as the tailback takes a yard lead from the center, gets three steps to the strong side and drives through the hole behind the guards. But, and this is important, he may do many things after those three steps. Neyland's theory is that the ultimate in deception is to mask the intent until the last possible fraction of a second, thus keeping the defense locked in position and in doubt as to the course of the play. As his outside foot hits the ground on his third step, the tailback may drive back inside the defensive tackle, run the power play, fake the power play and go outside the

end, throw the running pass which is another trademark of this system or hand off to the wingback on a "Bally Hoo" play—a naked reverse to the weak side.

Maybe it would be a good idea to explain the terminology, which differs from that of many teams. The backs are always referred to by name or number with the wingback, or Number One, usually stationed a yard outside and a yard back of the right (or strong) end. Wherever the wingback is located is called the strong side, and when they go into formation left the line simply revolves all the way around, and the wingback will be on the left flank outside of the same end as in formation right. The blocking-back, or Number Two, is a yard behind the line, usually in the seam between the strong side guard and tackle. The fullback, Number Three, is about four yards deep behind his strong guard. The tailback, Number Four, is four and a half or five yards in depth, slightly to the weakside of center. Backs do not interchange and are always in the same relative position in either right or left formation. Linemen are never referred to as right guard or left guard but always as strong side or weakside guards.

But it is the tenets mentioned earlier that really set the Tennessee system apart from all others. Here are a few. One good blocker is worth three ball-carrying stars. The team that



OFF-TACKLE power play to strong side is single-wing trademark. Tackle and end are double-tenet. Both guards pull to lead the tailback who takes the ball on the run.

makes the fewest mistakes wins. Play for and make the break; when one comes your way score. If a break goes against you, don't let down; turn on more steam. Press the kicking game; it is here that games are won or lost. On defense, first protect your position, pursue relentlessly and gang tackle. These are not just life words or slogans. They are preached and practiced incessantly. (E.H.)

HICKMAN'S HUNCHES

For Games of
Saturday, Oct. 13

★ **Michigan vs. Army.** Wolverines lost a tough one. Army has winning ways with Michigan, but attack is not yet jelled. Close but, MICHIGAN.

★ **Notre Dame vs. Purdue.** Boiler-makers always dangerous with Len Dawson's passes. Hornung great too. NOTRE DAME.

★ **Mississippi vs. Vanderbilt.** Rebels have size, strength and speed. Spirited Commodores a match for any foe. MISSISSIPPI.

★ **Iowa vs. Wisconsin.** Both teams heavily hit by graduation losses. My guess is IOWA.

★ **Duke vs. Southern Methodist.** Blue Devils disappointing. SMU surprising. Away out on the limb, but just one more time. DUKE.

★ **Pennsylvania vs. Princeton.** Quakers quailed Dartmouth's Indians in opening Ivy round robin. Winning streak short. Caldwell's Tigers are not tamed. PRINCETON.

★ **Illinois vs. Ohio State.** Unpredictable Illinois may furnish the show, but still, OHIO STATE.

★ **Georgia Tech vs. LSU.** Rattling Wreck rolling right along on schedule. Effective, efficient and undebated. Bengal Tigers a threat, but all signs say GEORGIA TECH.

★ **Texas vs. Oklahoma.** Somewhere along the line I said earlier Sooners would be upset. It won't be here and damned if I know where, partner. OKLAHOMA.

★ **Miami vs. Maryland** (Oct. 12). Slowly creeping Terrapins may come to life one of these days, but the Hurricanes blew harder. MIAMI.

ALSO

Texas Christian over Alabama

Bayler over Arkansas

Vols over Columbia

Cornell over Harvard

Texas A&M over Houston

Michigan State over Indiana

Minnesota over Northwestern

Spokane over West Virginia

UCLA over Washington State

Utah over Denver

Claremont over Wake Forest

Washington over Oregon

Rice over Florida

California over Oregon State

Wash over Tulane

Last week's hunches:

20 right, 5 wrong

Record to date: 42-12-1

THE PROS

by **TEX MAULE**

EASTERN CONFERENCE

THE WONKERS of science and a brand-new offense combined to put the **Cleveland Cardinals**, a fourth-place team in 1965, into undisputed first place in the Eastern Conference, with victories over the two strongest teams in the division. The Cardinals, who started the season by whipping the Cleveland Browns 9-7, added a 20-17 conquest of the **New York Giants** last Sunday. Coach Ray Richards uses a one-earrings paging device to communicate with his offensive quarterback and defensive captains. "It helps quite a lot," he said after the victory over the Giants. "It's hard to measure just how much, but it's especially useful to alert the defense on what to expect." Broadcast is from the press box perch of an assistant coach, who is in touch with Richards by telephone. "I think the biggest factor in our success so far has been the play of Lamar McLean," Richards said. "We helped ourselves in the offensive line, too. And we put in a split-T offense the week before the Brown game, something we had never used before. It gives us ball-control and rests the defense." The Cardinals will have to operate without their communication system next week, when they play in Washington, since the system requires a wire loop buried on the playing field for transmission. Redskins Owner George Marshall is not expected to allow the Cardinals to dig up his turf to plant this gadget.

Cleveland, whose Coach Paul Brown started the automation upsurge, beat the **Pittsburgh Steelers** without radio communication last week. George Ratterman, apparently not as Otto Graham's replacement, proved well, and big Ed McClelland in the forefront of a thumping ground attack and scored on a 14-16 victory. The seemingly *unconquered* Browns deliver their back a late Stiller drive on the four-yard line to preserve the win. The **Philadelphia Eagles**, whose offense suffers from a lack of consistent running backs, depended on the punting of Quarterback Bobby Thomson for a 13-9 triumph over the still winless **Washington Redskins**.

	W	L	T	Pct.		W	L	T	Pct.
Cardinals	2	0	0	1.000	Eagles	1	3	0	.500
Browns	1	1	0	.500	Steelers	1	3	0	.500
Giants	1	1	0	.500	Redskins	0	2	0	.000

WESTERN CONFERENCE

THE **St Louis Lions**, who plummeted from first to last in the Western Division in 1965, showed signs of climbing right back after two weeks of the 1966 season. Victories over the Green Bay Packers on opening day and the **Baltimore Colts** 31 to 14 last Saturday night left them in sole ownership of first place in the West; the way in

continued on page 72



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THE PROS

continued from page 77

who's strictly an unheralded trade. It seems likely they would stay there. "Three things make this a much better club than last year's," said Coach Buddy Parker after his win over the Colts. "First, we have an injection to key players. Last year we started with three first-line players out. Second, the return from service of Yale Lary, our defensive back, Oliver Spencer (middle) and Gene Gedman (offensive fullback) has tightened up both our offensive and defensive units. Third, and as important as the other two, Bobby Layne is playing as well as he ever did." Parker added two more factors to account for his team's success—the signing of Rockie Bucko, Don McIlhenny of SMU and Hopalong Cassidy of Ohio State and the addition of Tackle Ray Kroscoe to the defensive line. Layne, with an abundance of touch to fashion his attack, passed for two touchdowns against the Colts, handed off adversity to his line runners for stable ground gains and carried for eight yards and a touchdown himself.

The **Los Angeles Rams**, magnificently endowed with talent on both the offensive and defensive units, lost to the somewhat less-talented but certainly more enthusias-



PACKERS' AL CARMICHAEL declares Bear Stan Jones on 105-yard return.

tic **San Francisco 49ers** 33-20. The near leinargle after Stan battered Ham back into five fumbles, recovering four of them. Ed Beatty, relieved of unwelcome duties as an offensive center by the return of would-be coach Bill Johnson to that post, pounced on three fumbles from his line-backer position. Gordy Soltau kicked four field goals for the 49ers, and Fullback Joe Perry, long the driving force in the 49ers ground attack, showed no signs of aging as he slipped through a crack in the Ham line and burned 28 yards for a touchdown.

The **Chicago Bears**, for the first time in 10 years, looked like the old-time Monarchs of the Midway. Quarterback Ed Brown scored one touchdown, passed for two and freed the hairy, tough Bear back through the **Green Bay Packers** line for 278 yards. The Bears won 37-21. The Packers' Al Carmichael returned a kickoff 108 yards for a touchdown, a new record by a yard.

	W	L	T	Pct.		W	L	T	Pct.
Lions	2	0	0	100	Bears	1	3	0	33
Colts	1	1	0	50	49ers	1	3	0	33
Bears	1	1	0	50	Packers	0	2	0	0

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BLANKETS TO BE WORN

AT THE Winter Olympics in Cortina the freshest look in cold-weather wear was that of the spectator who wore a bold plaid blanket cut into a parka, jacket or poncho (SL, Dec. 24). Inspired by this colorful display of European ingenuity, American designers this year have put scissors to precious cashmere car robes (opposite) for the year's most elegant blanket coat; cut up such typically North American blankets as Hudson's Bay beaver-points, Pringleton plaids and bright colored fleeces with bolder stripes into stadium coats for men and women, winter-weight women's suits and cozy wrap-around skirts. Many of the coats, in addition to the warmth that's built into the blankets, have hoods concealed beneath flat-lying collars, toggle fastenings borrowed from the sports car set and insulated linings. And along with the run on the blankets comes a renewed popularity for horse-blanket-plaid tweed sports jackets that vie in boldness of pattern with the coats.

CASHMERE COAT (Tina Leser, \$216) is of Pringle blanket, has fringed stole scarf and green cashmere lining. Man's jacket is of horse-blanket-plaid tweed (Chipp, \$38).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE





BLANKETS IN THE STADIUM include light fleece with bold stripes and extended hood collar (Lakeland, \$40); heavy red felt of

a St. Mary's blanket (Sportsworld, \$28, and traditional men's hooded Hudson Bay coat (Kodomo, \$65; The Tailor).

But Maroon-cum-mauve-ecru, also same as those used in the 18th century to trade with the Canadian Indians for heavier pelts.

TOGGLE COAT Basic Skins Brand, \$19.95, available in the Yodeler. It has blanket stripes and a concealed hood underneath the collar.



WRAP-AROUND SKIRT \$27.95, of stadium blanket is worn with a bulky sweater (\$11.95, both Pendleton). Bags by Roger Van B.



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED PRESENTS

The VANDERBILT STORY



To most Americans, Harold S. Vanderbilt, sailor extraordinary, inventive genius, creator of contract bridge, is more a legend than a man. Few know him well, yet millions have felt the impact of his achievements. His is a story of tall ships and brilliant intellects; of men of wealth and wit and sportsmanship who could and would give all they had in international contests—a story whose final chapter, perhaps, has not been written yet. For the first of its four parts, turn the page

GREAT DAYS UNDER SAIL

The many-sided character of Harold Vanderbilt; the America's Cup, and his defense of it against Sir Thomas Lipton's 'Shamrock V' in 1930

by GEORGE PLIMPTON

AN ARGUMENT which never fails to interest, sometimes to the point of *blow*, has for its topic whether this figure of sport or that is the greater champion—the better candidate for a sportsman's Valhalla. Virtually every sports fan has a candidate to offer, his qualifications to enumerate, his deeds to recount and his name to pronounce with holy fervor. Too often, though, the qualifications of a candidate are expressed in the terms of his natural gifts: the sense of timing so essential to the track champion and to driving baseballs against stadium facades, the pile-driving legs that propel a fullback into the opponent's secondary, the wrist control of the drop shot in tennis—these are among the qualities discussed and praised. Naturally, such physical gifts are essential to top-level ranking in most sports. But the true champions would seem to have an additional endowment, an almost fantastic competitive urge that enabled, to give an example, baseball's Joe DiMaggio to hit Bob Feller during the latter's great years in the American League as if he were being served up batting-practice pitches. Some years back Billy Talbert, the U.S. Davis Cup captain, wrote an article in which he discussed this necessary quality the true champion had to have. Talbert had difficulty in defining it. The *x* quality he called it, and in his own sport Don Budge had it, and Bill Tilden, and it was that ineffable something that gave them an edge over opponents of equivalent, or even greater natural ability.

Last winter a man strode across Manhattan's 44th Street on his way to a crucial meeting at the New York Yacht Club who provides a striking example of one whose physical attributes are no more than normal (except perhaps for a voice whose power on a still day would carry across any small harbor in the world), and yet whose *x* quality, to borrow Talbert's phrase, has made him a champion in not one but two national pastimes—yachting and bridge. His contributions to both are such that his name should

be virtually synonymous with them. He invented contract bridge. In yachting he is without doubt one of the greatest racing skippers this country, if not the world, has ever produced. Yet few, if any, 44th Street pedestrians would have recognized him as Harold

clubhouse, he is still to most members more the legend than the man. Vanderbilt abhors the impetus which has driven many to championship status—the quest for fame—and as such he has kept himself out of the public eye.

His sailing trophies alone, however, are tangible tribute to his abilities. The historic America's Cup, the symbol of international yacht racing competition and linked in memory with the great J boats of two decades ago, was three times successfully defended by Mike Vanderbilt in the name of the New York Yacht Club and his country with the J boats *Enterprise*, *Rainbow* and *Ranger*. His success in the J boats is paralleled in every class he has sailed in. On the shelves in the trophy room of his Sherandee Valley farm stand the testimonials to his skill, including the cup for winning the New York to Bermuda race in 1910, and seven King's and nine Astor cups, won between 1923 and 1940. But Vanderbilt's reputation as a yachtsman is not limited to his winning ways as a skipper. The hundreds of thousands who race boats in North America are indebted to Vanderbilt for the rules they race under—derived largely from a code formulated by him and so radically different from the preceding rules that they were not adopted throughout the continent until after an eight-year test period starting in 1940.

Vanderbilt has had an equally profound effect on all of the diversified fields that have interested him. In terms of sheer numbers the largest bloc who have benefited from a Vanderbilt contribution are the estimated 32 million people in this country and the further millions throughout the world who play contract bridge, originated by Vanderbilt in 1925 and a game in which he is still ranked as one of the great experts. A smaller group, but no less interested, appreciate Vanderbilt in his capacity as a farmer. He took up farming in 1942, not knowing what a healer was. Now, Virginia farmers and agronomists from nearby agricultural stations come by the score



THE AMERICA'S CUP

Stirling (Mike) Vanderbilt, though he is a striking and memorable figure of a man: 72 years old but looking 39 years younger, a tall man (6 feet 3 inches in height), impeccably dressed, and his walk a slight indication of his character—brisk, along armswing, and toes turned out in strides that seem short and quick for his height, an aggressive walk that carries him a foot or two in advance of any walking partner. Even in the New York Yacht Club, though the word would quickly pass that Mike Vanderbilt was in the

to inspect twin hay-drying sheds designed by Vanderbilt and which—judging from the interest shown in them—may one day be the prototypes of similar structures throughout the country's farmlands. If this should happen, it will be purely because of the proved design and operation of the prototypes, for Vanderbilt has never tried to popularize any of his inventions, not even contract bridge. Their popularity, as evidenced by their widespread adoption, is due solely to their excellence—the best that can be produced by a man who has excelled at whatever he has put his hand to. Even in farming Vanderbilt has achieved championship status. Two years after he bought the farm he won the DeKalb Virginia State corn-raising championship, and the following year a national trophy, the DeKalb corn-raising championship of the U.S., the first time that annual award for the largest number of bushels of shelled corn per acre has ever been won outside the western cornbelt.

What, then, is the Vanderbilt quality? Obviously, such a quality is an amalgamation of many factors, chief among them what Vanderbilt himself calls "the instinct to excel," inherited perhaps from his great-grandfather. When he was a boy, the famous Commodore started ferrying passengers from Staten Island to lower Manhattan in a sailboat which he slipped with such speed that he outdistanced all his rivals and attracted enough customers to start a career leading to the

ownership of one of the largest railroad systems in America.

But some of the opponents the present-day Vanderbilt has met in competition describe his instinct to excel in different terms. "The Vanderbilt killer instinct," they call it, and they speak of it in considerable awe.

It is not a quality which one would expect of Vanderbilt on meeting him when he is not in competition. He is a friendly and warm man, his conversation punctuated with a loud infectious laugh so distinctive that a friend would recognize it anywhere he heard it; it seems to come about through the process of inhalation, as if the pleasure which gave rise to the laugh had to be drawn in and savored rather than exhaled. But he is also a shy man, only completely at ease with a small but dedicated group of friends and with those with whom he shares a particular interest. Back in the '80s a women reporter from the old *World* sailed out in a catboat to try to interview him aboard the moored America's Cup defender *Enterprise*. "Various conversational efforts evoked no response whatsoever," she reported, and described sailing briskly around the *Enterprise* while Vanderbilt studiously kept his back turned. So complete was his reserve in the early '30s that reporters accused him of taking a Trappist oath as far as the press was concerned.

Since then, though, and in keeping with the times, Vanderbilt has mellowed somewhat from the Edwardian

attitude that a name should appear in print only at birth, marriage and death. But he still talks uneasily about himself, shouldering aside the credit he could justifiably take. He speaks of playing in an all-expert bridge game as "a wonderful intellectual treat," with never the suggestion of pride which would indicate he was in any way responsible for the game. The Vanderbilt convention, a once-popular bidding system invented by him in the early days of contract bridge, he has always referred to as "the club convention." His skill at racing boats he attributes not to any inherent genius, but to long hours spent in training his crew, tuning up his boat, perfecting his sails and in acquiring the feel of the helm—"becoming a part of her," as he puts it. And it is curious that in recounting the greatest moments of his sporting career, he does not refer, however modestly, to examples of his own prowess paying off in victory, but rather to the circumstances of chance, and to the little but costly mistakes that his opponents have made that led to their defeat and a Vanderbilt win.

The most marked characteristic behind the Vanderbilt reserve, and again one unexpected in a man labeled with "the killer instinct," would be one of sentiment. He is a man with his emotions close to the surface. He has seen the musical *South Pacific* 12 times, *The King and I* almost as many, and has been visibly moved on each occasion.

continued on next page



THE 3 BOAT ERA: "RAINBOW" LEADING "RAINBOW," "WINDYBOYS I AND II," AND "VANDER" IN 1937 TRIAL

VANDERBILT STORY

continued from page 77

He can barely speak the name Eisenhower without betraying emotion. It is not a masochist sentimentality, but one which wells out of Vanderbilt's strong and basic belief in the human values, notably of dignity, loyalty and courage. They provide the code by which he lives, and when confronted with an example or breach of any one of them, he is profoundly affected.

Keenly receptive to the excitement the world offers and an optimist at heart, Vanderbilt's appreciation of the world and its artifacts is almost that of a small boy. He continues to view life with wonder and delight, neither abrogated by cynicism or sophistication, taking as much passing interest in the progress of a contestant on a TV quiz program as he does in going over expansion plans for Vanderbilt University in Nashville, of which he is president of the Board of Trust. Walking in New York's Central Park, he will pause and discuss the problem of sailing toy boats on the pond, giving their owners, some 55 years his junior, the same close attention he gives the chief engineer of the United States on a tour of the liner's engine rooms.

Given a man of such general warmth, it comes as something of a shock to see Vanderbilt in competition—out to win no matter what the odds through sheer determination and concentration. "Mike Vanderbilt," his friends say of him, "is a remarkable study in contrast." His voice of command aboard ship—his "quarterdeck voice," as his wife, the former Gertrude Canaway of Philadelphia, calls it—is a stentorian blast of utmost authority which has been known to intimidate his crew and set shore birds to flight from nearby sand bars. At the bridge table, if an oldtime partner makes a bad play, Vanderbilt occasionally works his features into what his friends call a "tense face," an unconscious Medusa-like grimace which has led a more delicate female partner into further indiscretions with the cards and finally into tears of humiliation. Vanderbilt brings this determination to the bridge table regardless of the quality of the opposition, whether he is playing in topflight competition or against social players, the slightly condescending term bridge experts use for players of country club caliber. By the same token, on the tennis courts of his Florida winter home, he will play three sets a day under a blazing sun at the age of 72 with a grim ferocity which is almost unbecomingly

to the circumstances. He constantly admonishes himself as he plays, and a missed shot wrings from him such a cry of anguish that it seems to bespeak all human suffering.

Cynicism, it is with automobiles that his will to win asserts itself most blatantly. His wife relates how this summer he drove his Chrysler 300 through France, Spain, Switzerland and Italy, a 6,000-mile trip, during which he was passed on the open road by only one other car. The car—a black Lancia—passed Vanderbilt on the Venice-Milan highway ("that damn suicidal driver" he was heard to mutter), and to hear accounts of such episodes is to indicate that anything challenging, whether it appears over the horizon, or out of a bridge hand, or comes up in the rearview mirror, effects a violent reaction in Vanderbilt, one which is surprising even to him. "It's the most ridiculous thing," he says of it, "it seems to be connected with a desire to keep moving." His wife remembers that some years ago on a trip from Virginia to New York he transported an outraged bee, blown into the interior of the car, across two state lines despite her pleas to stop and let the bee out. He had made up his mind before leaving Virginia that he was going to drive across West Virginia and Maryland without stopping, and nothing short of the engine falling out was going to keep him from doing it.

In an actual contest Vanderbilt's competitive urge is replaced by a true fighting instinct, but by no means a

blind one. Vanderbilt's mental apparatus is constantly at work and it has led to an important adjunct of his quality—a sense of inventiveness. He constantly experiments, preferring to find a new system than trying to perfect himself in a mold set by others. The greatest benefits that bridge and yachting have received have resulted from his single decision that in the one case the old game, auction bridge, was not as good as it could be; and in the other, that yacht racing rules were antiquated and in need of revision. As a result of Vanderbilt's experiments a veritable blueprint roll of innovations in yacht design, rigging, sails and tactics has developed. Every sailing instructor who explains the use of a stopwatch for a racing start usually follows a formula developed by Vanderbilt aboard his schooner *Vagabond* in 1912. A maneuver—the tack jibe—for speeding a large racing yacht around a windward mark in certain situations was first used by Vanderbilt in 1934. Even sports which are outside his special province come under such scrutiny. He became an unerring putter in golf—a game he used to play in the low 80s but has since more or less given up—by devising a system for sinking short putts: turning his back to the hole, he sighted down the angle of his legs and putted between them, the club held in one hand, sending the ball on what his eye told him was the baserline line of flight. In the field of music (Vanderbilt is completely tone deaf) he has suggested that pianists would get a better feel of the pedals if they removed their



LIEUT. (J.G.L.) VANDERBILT (third from right) escorted Navy sub chaser SP-36 in World War I, here poses on deck with his old-Harvard crew: (from left) James A. Clark, Frederick S. Whitlock, McKim Hallin, Oliver Ingle, Roger W. Catler and William Rand.

shoes during concerts, and in dancing he has come up with what is probably the last and certainly the most unpoetic word on the subject of the waltz: "To reverse well when waiting," he explains, "it is essential to hold one's partner at arm's length and lean back in order to increase the orbit of the partnership's peripheral velocity."

With his inventive turn of mind is coupled another essential portion of Vanderbilt's π quality: his power of concentration. At the bottom of his class his first year at St. Mark's School in Southboro, Mass., he made up his mind that in two years he would be at the top. He learned to concentrate to the extent that when he was absorbed in study a fellow student had to touch him to make him aware that a question was being put to him. On graduation day in 1903 he won the Founders Medal, annually awarded the boy whose scholarship in his last three years has been the most outstanding.

This power of concentration is an ability Vanderbilt still possesses. If an artist wished to emulate Rodin and do a study of a man in thought, he would do well to use Vanderbilt at the bridge table as a model—a man absolutely motionless, his head stock-still as he peers down into the cards spread leisurely in his hand, probing, sifting possibilities for inordinate stretches of time. At one time Vanderbilt was probably the slowest player in the country, rivaled only by the Bridge Expert Baron Waldemar von Zedtwitz. Since Von Zedtwitz is Vanderbilt's regular partner in tournament competition, their method of play was thus rather fabulously characterized. John Crawford and Oswald Jacoby, two of the ranking experts in the country and two of its quickest players, often try to speed Vanderbilt up. "Mike, you're not allowed to spend 10 minutes trying to take an overtrick," one of them will say, and he may receive in return a "Sorry to be so slow," Vanderbilt's standard apology, though it is seldom followed by any speed-up in play. More likely there will be no indication that Vanderbilt has heard the remark as he remains simply a study of a man in what bridge players call a "huddle," a silent, deep and awesome deliberation.

For all their deliberation and the anguish it must have caused their opponents, Vanderbilt and his partner Von Zedtwitz have the results to show for it. Playing with varied pairs to make up a team of four, they have won the Vanderbilt Cup—the highly esteemed trophy donated by Vanderbilt and emblematic of the team of



SIR THOMAS LIPTON, fleetness-challenged, was belated for-partnership in defeat.

four national championships—in 1902 and 1946, were runners-up in 1937, beat the Culbertsons, self-styled world champions, by over 6,000 points in one evening, and in Miami two springs ago acquired a commanding lead over an English team which had just won the world championship.

A victory in such tournaments as these is not the end of Vanderbilt's bridge day. For hours after any expert bridge session he and his friends sit around and discuss the hands they've played, Vanderbilt speculating, asking, peering to see how he could have done better. He brings to his game a type of determination which gave rise to a famous remark made of Vanderbilt's game in his presence and still quoted in bridge circles: "The damn sailor plays as if he were broke."

In yachting the same dedication, the same concentration takes place. After each race Vanderbilt gets together with his afterguard to discuss how they and the crew might have improved their showing—almost invariably a victory. Before Vanderbilt is satisfied, his boat must have sailed what he calls a 100% race, in which no error can be found in tactics or the working of the boat. Such painstaking attention, which Vanderbilt describes as "the minutiae of thoroughness," is mar-

veled at by opposing yachtsmen. At a testimonial dinner given Vanderbilt during his racing season in England in 1939 with the 12-meter *Vin*, the commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron mentioned in his welcoming speech an example he had seen from the clubhouse window early that morning while shaving. He saw a member of Vanderbilt's afterguard out in a dinghy, painstakingly taking soundings along the starting line of the clubhouse to gauge how far inshore Vanderbilt could take *Vin*—a degree of preparation new to British yachting circles. By the time the racing season was over, in fact, Vanderbilt knew more about the vicissitudes of the currents than most yachtsmen who had spent their Eves racing on those waters. In the Solent off Ryde, for example, Vanderbilt discovered a long, narrow sand shoal that ran parallel to the course with just enough water on it to accommodate *Vin*. Vanderbilt noted from the ripples that the shoal parted the tidal stream so that there was less current on top of it than alongside. When the wind was fair and the tide against him, Vanderbilt sailed down the middle of the shoal with his spinnaker set, while his competitors, marveling perhaps at *Vin*'s design or at the trim of her sails, and losing length after length, continued as they had for years to sail alongside it. Vanderbilt's record in England included 19 wins, four seconds out of the 27 races started—the British, too, experiencing the difficulty of competing against the conjunction of qualities which is the Vanderbilt π factor, the combination which has brought to the Shesandash farm the yachting, bridge and farming trophies, and has led to his greatest accomplishment in the sporting world: his three-time successful defense of the America's Cup, the world's premier yachting trophy.

It was the America's Cup that, once again, was Vanderbilt's concern on that day last winter when he mounted the steps of the New York Yacht Club and joined the meeting of the newly formed America's Cup committee. The trophy itself was in a bank vault at the time, put there for safekeeping while clubhouse alterations were in progress. One of the sporting world's greatest and oldest trophies, it usually stands on a table in the center of the trophy room of the New York Yacht Club: an ugly, oddly proportioned silver pitcher, 27 inches high, the middle of its vaguely cylindrical shape bulbous with six embossed shields. Like many trophies of renown, it is of little practical or

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monetary value. Though designed as a pitcher, inexplicably it hasn't a bottom and falls as a container for anything but air. Melted into bullion it might command \$40 on the silver market. Yet the relatively few sportsmen who have competed for the trophy have spent incalculable millions of dollars in defending it or trying to capture it. One of them, Sir Thomas Lipton, the Irish tea czar, according to press reports, expended over \$5 million in his five challenges for the trophy, all unsuccessful.

The Cup arrived in this country aboard the yacht *America*, after which it was named. Originally the Hundred Guinea Cup and made at the order of the Royal Yacht Squadron of England, the *America* was it from a British racing fleet on a course from Cowes around the Isle of Wight in the late summer of 1851 in such a manner that when Queen Victoria asked, "Who was second?" the reply came, "Please, Your Majesty, there was no second."

The British were startled and upset by the win. The *America* was a raked-masted schooner of a speed which prompted them to refer to her as a "Yankee trick," a "mere racing shell." But the British, and indeed any other nation, were given their chance to win the Cup back when the syndicate that built the *America* decided it in trust in 1857 to the New York Yacht Club to be held open for challenge by vessels of foreign countries.

In the last hundred years 16 challenges for the America's Cup have been accepted—from yacht clubs in England, Ireland and Canada—and in every instance the Cup has been defended successfully. It has not budged from these shores, a remarkable testimonial to American yacht designing and racing skill.

Yet the concern of the New York Yacht Club, and Vanderbilt's, and the reason for that crucial meeting was that unless changes were made in the Cup's deed of gift further challenges would be unlikely. The present deed of gift stipulates that the challenging and defending yachts, if of single mast, must both be at least 65 feet on the waterline. Since the last America's Cup Race in 1907, income taxes and the cost of building and running yachts 65 feet on the waterline have skyrocketed to such an extent that there is danger that the Cup may become permanently the property of the New York Yacht Club for the lack of a challenge and remain simply a reminder, a forlorn one,



J BOAT DESIGNER Starling Burgess, America's outstanding genius at his trade, discusses performance with Vanderbilt aboard the *Rainbow* in 1934.

of an era as impressive but as antiquated as that of the clipper ships.

Hardly a spar remains of the yachts that competed in the 1930s—the Cup's golden age. J boats they were called—yachts from 76 to 87 feet on the waterline, manned by a crew of 28 and a brain trust of five known as the afterguard, with masts that towered to the height of a 15-story building and carried over a ton of canvas—"Slim white ghosts of the western seas" a poet wrote of them, and an awesome spectacle they were to those fortunate enough to see them in competition off the New England coast. But of the 11 J boats that raced there, not one still sails. A few speedsters and strips of planking remain to decorate the walls of New England inns and taverns. Aboard his motor sloop, as a nostalgic reminder, Vanderbilt still uses the wheel with which he sailed his three Cup defenders, their names prominent on its brass hub. The binnacle that stood in front of the wheel was donated to the Marine Historical Association at Mystic, Conn.

Since a challenge today for the America's Cup with a J boat such as *Enterprize* would cost the prohibitive sum of more than a million dollars, the Cup committee's first function was to con-

sider the advisability of asking the courts to change the deed of gift by reducing its minimum waterline length proviso of 65 feet. For many of the committee members the task was an onerous one. But they had heard it intimated by Sir Ralph Gore, commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron and former president of the International Yacht Racing Union, that the British might challenge for the Cup if the size of the competing yachts was reduced, and though some, particularly Vanderbilt, felt that a reduction would demean the importance of the trophy, still the committee was fully aware that it was more important to have the Cup in competition than not. So they started to pare foot lengths off the waterline of a hypothetical challenger, to an extent not yet finally agreed, though in rumor the 12 meters have been seriously considered as a minimum size.

GIVEN the opportunity, the designers and yachtmen who will build and race our next defender will have an unblemished record to uphold, one perpetuated by such masters as Boat Builder Nat Herreshoff, "The Wizard of Bristol," Yacht Designers Starling Burgess, Olin Stephens, and Yachtmen

Charles Francis Adams and, of course, Harold S. Vanderbilt.

It must have been with mixed emotions that Vanderbilt left the New York Yacht Club meeting. Pleased, naturally, that the chances seemed better that the America's Cup would again be competed for, still he must have sensed the vague shock that comes with the realization that an era, particularly one with which identification is strong, has irrevocably passed. Vanderbilt has always felt, as he put it, that "size and importance are brothers, though it may be a frailty of human nature that they be judged so." After his many successful years with the J boats, it took a great deal of persuasion to get him interested in the smaller 12 meters which have now for many years been the largest single-masted racing yachts in American waters. When he retired in 1918, he came to love them and race them with the success he enjoyed in his J boats. But, in effect, Vanderbilt hates the idea of stepping down from the heights. It is not consistent with his character. And, as he says, "Racing in smaller boats has not the same fascination for a man who has been lucky enough to be at the helm of the great J boats. You miss their sense of power."

Unlike Vanderbilt, the defenders of the future will very likely have been trained in the small one-design boats which compose the larger part of this country's regatta: Stars, Comets, Lightnings and Snipes. Vanderbilt had his racing training almost exclusively in large boats. The smallest boat he ever sailed was a 14-footer handed down to him in 1896 by his older brother William. She was called *Oxygry*. On one occasion when he was racing in her—as an example of the competitive urge later to propel him to fame in yachting—Vanderbilt found himself astern of his only competitor, the late Ogden Mills, later Secretary of the Treasury in Herbert Hoover's cabinet. Mills was ahead despite the fact that he had set his spinnaker on the wrong side and was sailing by the lee; but as he turned around to watch Vanderbilt, his mainsail suddenly jibed and the boom knocked his overboard into Narragansett Bay. Vanderbilt doused his spinnaker and luffed up alongside. He looked down at Mills treading water and called out, "Do you give up? Do you give up?" Mills, something of a competitor himself and angry as a hornet, said he wouldn't, and it wasn't until Vanderbilt had sailed around him a few times repeating his demand that Mills finally gave up and allowed him-

self to be hauled aboard. At the time, Vanderbilt was 17.

He didn't keep *Oxygry* for long. He moved quickly through sloops 25, 30 and 33 feet on the waterline to his first Vagrunt, a 53-foot Herreshoff schooner, subsequently renamed *Queen Mabel*. He built her in 1910 and raced her for three consecutive years. In 1913 he built his second Vagrunt, an 80-foot-waterline Herreshoff schooner, sailing her across the Atlantic that same year, and raced her every summer—with the exception of the two World War I summers—through 1928. From 1927 to 1938 he raced his Burgess-designed M boat *Prestige*, except for the six summers he was sailing the J boats: *Enterprise* in 1930, F. H. Prince's *Wreath* in '32 and '33, *Reislow* in '34 and '36, and *Ranger* in 1937. In 1939 he sailed his Stephens-designed 12-meter *Via*, racing her to an impressive string of victories that summer in England and again in America in 1940.

VANDERBILT has not raced since. In yachting circles, particularly with the increased possibility of another America's Cup series, there is much speculation that he may take up racing again. Vanderbilt himself does not know. Though he has been inactive in racing for 16 years, it is easy to see how foreign it is to his nature to become a has-been, particularly in matters concerning the defense of a trophy with which he is so closely identified.

Vanderbilt won his first major trophy with a victory in the 1910 Bermuda race with his first Vagrunt. The Bermuda race cup is one of the few major trophies not on display at the Shenandoah farm. Vanderbilt keeps it aboard his motor sailer, and only after proper compliments have been bestowed on it, does he wryly admit that his Vagrunt was one of only two boats racing that year. In 1916, aboard his second Vagrunt, he sailed in again at Bermuda—the scene of his 1910 triumph—but got a different reception. The British fleet at the mouth of the harbor, on the lookout in the second year of World War I for German raiders, fired a shell across Vagrunt's bow while Vanderbilt was still thumbing through Lloyd's Signal Book to decode "M N," the fleet's flag signal. "I did not have to look any farther," Vanderbilt recalls. "The shell, landing so close aboard that it almost splashed our bowsprit, told me that the signal meant 'stop instantly.'"

Two years later Vanderbilt had his chance to let off a shot across a boat's bow. Patrolling the waters from New

London to Nantucket, he was in command of the SP56, a sub chaser which had on it a 50-pound depth charge, a three-pound gun, two machine guns, and a crew complement consisting principally of friends of his from Harvard College. The shot fired was from a rifle and across the bow of a German U-boat but of a Fall River Line steamer which the SP56 sighted at 3 a.m. one morning heading hard through a thick fog on the submarine nets off Newport. The steamer took no heed of the shot but blundered on into the nets. Vanderbilt let loose his "quarterdeck" voice with better effect. "Next time you come in here like that," he shouted, "I'll put a shot through your glisthouse!" And, with typical thoroughness, he filed a report with the authorities, resulting in the Fall River Line paying up for a dented submarine net buoy and settling the conclusion of the war approaching Newport waters with due temerity.

Following the war, Vanderbilt returned to his family business, the New York Central and other railroads, and devoted his summers to sailing, slowly establishing for himself a reputation as a leading yachtsman with his schooner Vagrunt and his M class sloop *Prestige*. He was particularly famous for his starts, an ability yachtsmen still recall to this day. He almost always got the jump on his rivals, and, possessed of an uncanny sense of timing, would hit the line with full headway seconds after the gun. In this he was aided by a simple formula which he devised and always used, and which is now universally accepted by yachtsmen. A simple example would work out as follows: Five minutes before the start Vanderbilt would pass the starting mark and with wind abeam sail a straight reach away from the line. Knowing that 30 seconds were required to take his boat through a 180° turn, he would work out his formula—in this case: $\frac{1}{2} \times 180 = 90$. When his stopwatch showed that 2' 45" remained before the starting gun, Vanderbilt started his 180° turn back to the line. If the wind was steady and abeam, and if there was no current or interference by opponents, Vanderbilt would naturally hit the line with full headway at the gun. Such ideal conditions rarely existed, though, and it was Vanderbilt's ability to make due allowances for currents, wind changes and jockeying for position that recently caused one yachtsman who has raced with Vanderbilt to compare his mind to an IBM machine in its ability to juggle the figures of the racing formula

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

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to put the boat's nose on the starting line at the proper time.

On his reputation Vanderbilt was obviously a top candidate for the honor of defending the America's Cup, when in May 1923 the New York Yacht Club received a communication from the Royal Ulster Yacht Club: a challenge, his fifth, for the America's Cup by Sir Thomas J. Lipton, 89 at the time, failing in health but vigorous enough to try to realize his great ambition—to bring back the "old mug," as he called the America's Cup, to Ireland. "It should return for its health," he said of it.

Lipton was the direct antithesis of Vanderbilt. In his 80th year he was the delight of the caricaturist and the reporter, with a giant walrus mustache and a yachting cap which he wore constantly, and behind him the life of a male Cinderella; selling newspapers as a barefoot boy in the streets of Belfast, at 10 working in a stationer's shop, and in his teens seeking his fortune in America, where, finding it no more hospitable than it was later to be to his challenging yachts, he was reduced to sleeping on benches in Central Park. Finally, back in Glasgow, he invested in a small provision store which he parlayed into an immense chain-store line stocked with Lipton products—among them sausages and tea—mention of which monopolized his conversation and actions. One of the first great advertising men, Lipton could hardly utter a sentence without some reference to his products. Speaking before an audience in Boston he said of the Boston Tea Party, "It confirmed my opinion of the Boston people. Now, if it had been Lipton's tea, they would have kept it."

In fact there were some, particularly stockholders in Lipton's empire, who accused him of building his J boats solely to advertise Lipton's tea. Whether or not this was the case, an increase in sales in this country during the 1930 Cup races would have been the result purely of sympathy to Lipton: four times over a period of 31 years Lipton had tried with his green Shamrock to win the America's Cup, but each time he was to stand on the deck of his yacht *Erin* and watch his professional skippers go down to defeat. In his fifth attempt, with Shamrock V, Lipton had a sympathy so heartfelt that it amounted to support despite the fact that public admiration is more likely to center on the man who

does things for himself than the spectator-sportsman who stands aside and watches his professionals perform. Sherman Hoyt, one of America's great yachtsmen and a member of two of Vanderbilt's afterguards, can only remember one occasion when Lipton stepped aboard one of his challengers. He was leading a cavalcade of models from a New York dress-making



J BOAT BUILDER Nathaniel Herreshoff was admired as "The Wizard of Bristol."

establishment aboard *Shamrock IV* for publicity photographs.

Vanderbilt, on the other hand, was the first owner and, except for Charles Francis Adams, who sailed *Resolute* in 1920, was the only amateur skipper ever to sail a defender. Yet he found himself cast in popular opinion as the taciturn perfectionist against Lipton the Romantic, the Grand Old Man. Sentiment was strong for the old man aboard *Erin*, his green-hulled Shamrock V and its good-bark totem: a pet with a shamrock growing in it, presented by Irish admirers.

VANDERBILT had two tokens aboard his defending *Enterprise*. One was a tile from Egypt with the bloody hand of Fatima designed on it—a blue hand with red fingertips above a yellow crescent, and the palm facing aft to assert its influence over rivals attempting to pass *Enterprise*. The other was a print of the "lucky *Enterprise*," a brig which had fought against the Barbary Corsairs and in the War of 1812 won an engagement against the British brig *Borer* off the Maine coast. The tile and print were the only nonutilitarian items aboard *Enterprise*. Below decks was a hollow shell that reverberated

deafeningly in a pounding sea. Most of the tanning gear of the yacht was worked from below—the final pull on headsheets and backstays was taken up on the drums of big winches worked by eight crewmen, the "black gang" they were called, following orders repeated down to them by the second mate stationed in a hatch amidships. Working the ship in such a fashion gave rise to considerable comment and criticism in the press. With some justice, *Enterprise* was called the "robot yacht," "the mechanical yacht," a "box of clockwork," though all her gadgets were built and operated in strict accordance with the conditions and scintillating rules governing both defending and challenging yachts.

She was designed by the late W. Starling Burgess, whose father, Edward Burgess, had designed the three successful Cup defenders *Payson*, *Mopflow* and *Volunteer*. Though schooled in his father's profession as a yacht designer, Burgess was also one of this country's air age pioneers. A man of curious idiosyncracies, he was fond of standing on his head, a position from which it is said he was able to quote, and at considerable length, from the works of Algernon Charles Swinburne.

The yacht which came from his designing board was 80 feet on the waterline, 120 feet overall, a measured sail area of 7,683 feet, and a mast that towered 188 feet above the water. The first Marconi-rigged defender, she was financed by a syndicate which included Vanderbilt and was headed by Winthrop Aldrich, then a newly elected bank president and the present ambassador to the Court of St. James. Vanderbilt and Aldrich were the only two members of the eight-man syndicate who were on the defender's afterguard in the Cup races. Vanderbilt as captain, Aldrich as navigator. Aldrich remained navigator during the entire Cup racing season despite one monumental occasion when he took *Enterprise* around the wrong mark during a New York Yacht Club cruise. The mistake was caused in part by a heated discussion Aldrich was having with the late George F. Baker Jr., chairman of the board of the First National Bank, on the function and duties of a bank president. Vanderbilt, left speechless by the error, had to calm himself by lying flat on his back on the deck, and has since jokingly referred to Aldrich as his co-navigator.

Enterprise passed the four months preceding the Cup races in a grueling struggle against her rivals *Yankee*, *Whirlwind* and *Wetmore*—all built

that year by rival syndicates for the honor of being selected to defend the Cup. The struggle between *Enterprise* and her principal rival *Wetmore* was undecided until *Enterprise* beat her in the last trial against her in a new gale. "The hardest windward leg I ever sailed," Vanderbilt calls it.

Selected by the America's Cup Committee, *Enterprise* went up against *Shamrock V* in a best four-out-of-seven series starting on Sept. 13. With her innovations, the "black gang" toiling in the booming hull, perfect tactics on Vanderbilt's part and the upraised palm of Patina facing aft, *Enterprise* proved her supremacy over *Shamrock V* and its petted good-luck leaf. Before an immense spectator fleet, including Sir Thomas Lipton aboard *Erin*, *Enterprise* swept four races in a row over the 50-mile course off Newport. In the third race, half an hour after the start, in a visible symbol of the fall of Sir Thomas Lipton's hopes, *Shamrock's* main halyard parted at the masthead sheave, the mainsail fluttered to the deck, and the challenger was forced to withdraw.

THE sympathy for Sir Thomas Lipton in his loss was overwhelming. King Learster spoke for the public when he wrote: "My objections to the races are several. Chief among them is that they invariably cast a pall of gloom over the American people, a gloom so contagious that even I, ordinarily equipped with an irresistible smile of good fellowship for every body, feel like hell from the moment a new *Shamrock* is sighted off Muscle Shoals until at least a month after someone has called up a garage and had it towed back to Edinburgh. This depression of spirit is generally attributed to our spirit of sportsmanship; we hate to see such a good fellow lose when he is so anxious to triumph, and so game . . . his sorrowful words brokenly uttered during the last day at Newport—"I cannot win! I cannot win!"—left hardly a dry eye in any American speakeasy."

Will Rogers, the statesman and humorist, went so far as to suggest that Americans raise a fund for a loving cup for Sir Thomas as a testimonial of their respect for his sportsmanship. The response was universal, and in December of 1930 Lipton was presented with his cup at an impressive and emotional ceremony effloated over by Mayor Jimmy Walker and attended by several thousands. Will Rogers wasn't there in person, but he sent a telegram which read in part: "Sure sorry I can't be with

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you . . . I love you, Sir Thomas, but I won't drink that damn tea. Come West, young man."

The telegram was read at the ceremony, but in deference to Lipton, who broke down during his acceptance speech, Rogers' sentiment about tea was deleted in the official reading.

Lipton was dead within the year, his dream unrealized. But challenges for the America's Cup went on. In 1933 the New York Yacht Club received another challenge, this one from the Royal Yacht Squadron of England for a series of four out of seven races to be held off Newport in the fall of 1934. The Royal Yacht Squadron is one of the most exclusive and distinguished yacht clubs in the world—its clubhouse at the mouth of Cowes Roadstead is known universally among yachtsmen as "The Castle." The squadron is so esteemed in its own country that its members have the sole right to fly the British Navy's white ensign. Its last challenge for the America's Cup, almost four decades before, had been marked by Lord Dunsraven's famous outcries following the disqualification of his *Valkyrie III* for fouling the *Defender*—the latter a Cup defender financed by a syndicate whose membership included Vanderbilt's father. It proved a curious twist of fate that a Vanderbilt was to defend the America's Cup in the squadron's next challenge in a series also marred, though to a lesser extent, by a protest, bickering and ill feeling.

If Vanderbilt had felt that the Cup races in 1930 against Lipton had been a disappointment in the sense that *Showerak V* had not provided the competition he had trained for, he was to face his next America's Cup test against a boat generally conceded to be faster than his defending yacht. The odds against him were to go at one point as high as 30-1 in a series which would for one September week in 1934 hold the sporting world spellbound.

NEXT WEEK: THE CLOUDED VICTORY

A challenge from T.O.M. Sopwith; the building of "Rainbow"; her troubles in the trials; "Endeavor" and early defeat; the famous protests and final triumph.

NOTRE DAME: CLASS OF '28

SIR:

SUCCESS NOTRE DAME MENNONIAN WOMEN CLASS 1918 BE COMPARED WITH CLASS 1918 AS A WHOLE.

JOHN M. CARROLL, M.D.
Springfield, Ill.

● BECAUSE of an exceptionally detailed class report by Louis F. Buckley, president of the Notre Dame Class of 1928, such a comparison is indeed possible. The 10 varsity football players of the Class of '28 who answered the Notre Dame questionnaire (*What Happens in Football Players?* 81, Sept. 24 and Oct. 1) have on the whole done somewhat better than their classmates. Among these former players are lawyers, an independent oil man, a landscape architect, a couple of plant managers and a public-relations consultant. Their incomes range from a high of \$50,000 to a low of \$4,200, with \$13,000 as the median income of the group. The Class of '28 as a whole has a lower median income: \$11,500. Individual incomes range from an individual high of \$60,000 to no income at all for a member of a religious order. As family men, the football players have done better also. They average 3.3 children each, compared to 2.76 for their classmates. The football players have been much more willing to shoulder the burdens of community responsibilities and much more eager to relax with their fellow citizens. Only one out of every three members of the Class of '28 as a whole engages in any kind of civic activity, and one out of four does not belong to a club or organization of any kind. Almost everyone of the football players of the Class of '28, on the other hand, belongs to several social organizations and most of them are prime movers in civic and

community organizations. These former players spend a good part of their time nowadays raising the money for charities, serving on labor mediation boards, on park commissions, hospital boards and good-government committees. In looking back to its undergraduate days the Class of '28 sometimes rather wistfully complains that Notre Dame failed to prepare them for the harsh realities of life. The football players, who enjoyed the stern discipline and constant practical advice of Knute Rockne who coached the '26, '27 and '28 varsity teams, make no such complaint. They are unanimous in crediting football in general and their coaches in particular with a great part of their subsequent success in life. The two groups, the players and the nonplayers of '28 agree, however, that Notre Dame does not overemphasize football or coddle its players. Only 4% of the whole class feels football played too great a role in undergraduate life. Both groups agree that athletes should receive no special inducements such as a car or monthly checks. On this point, the football players are however very much more emphatic than their nonathletic classmates. Charles (Chile) Walsh of the Class of '28 who made several All-America selections while playing for Notre Dame and afterward spent many years as a coach and part-owner in the National Football League has this to say: "After selection by the athletic department and approval of credits, each candidate should be investigated by a school committee other than the athletic department. Basic needs should be supplied when deserving. Never special inducement!" Thomas F. Byrne, a varsity football player of the same class and now a Cleveland public

relations man with a son on this year's Notre Dame varsity squad, is equally outspoken: "Absolutely not! I've seen young men ruined by this practice, some losing their precious faith and others their sense of values." All in all, the careers and opinions of the football players of the Class of '28 when compared to those of their class as a whole support *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* conclusion (81, Oct. 1) that intercollegiate football does not impede the practical purposes of education. —ED.

NOTRE DAME:
THE SEARCH FOR CYZENKOWITZ

SIR:

I have just finished reading Part One of Mr. Coaghen's *What Happens in Football Players?* I don't mean to infer that Notre Dame has more than its share of Cyzenkowitzs, nor do I feel that the average college football player is not as indolgent as any other person of equal educational background, but does Mr. Coaghen feel that Cyzenkowitz would sit down and fill out his questionnaire? I don't.

JOHNNIE HARRIS
Wilmington, N.C.

● A team of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* reporters and correspondents tracked down and interviewed over half of those monogram winners who did not return their Notre Dame questionnaires. The careers and opinions of these men match those of the monogram winners who returned their questionnaires. —ED.

NOTRE DAME: GUNG-HO!

SIR:

I was attending Georgetown University School of Foreign Service at a time when there were no intercollegiate sports. Then, Vince McNally, now general manager of the

continued on next page

MR. CAPER

by AJAY



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Fashionable
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VIEWLEX Long Island City 5, N.Y.

1969
MOLE

continued from page 45

Philadelphia Eagles and a Notre Dame graduate, suggested I go to Notre Dame on an athletic scholarship.

After parental opposition was overcome, I did that — on a football and baseball scholarship. A ball knee kept me from accomplishing anything in football, but I was my megagram as a baseball pitcher.

This is what I think of Notre Dame. It is a superb loving agent. It is the great equalizer. If ever there might be a paragon of impartiality, its name would be Notre Dame. There is an *exquisite* spirit de corps there. There is a healthy "gang-bro" about the place which seems from a spontaneity which is not an incidental one.

My years at Notre Dame are the only ones in my life which have left an intellectual or emotional imprint upon me.

Sports and studies are not natural enemies. They complement each other.

JOHN K. SEBASTY
Notre Dame '48

Washington, D.C.

NOTRE DAME: B-B-T FOR DEBATER!

Sir:

Tell me frankly, why does a college football player deserve a free ride through school any more than a member of the debating team of the history club? Has anyone ever ascertained whether the average student receives special privileges given to nonintellectual gridiron?

FREDERICK B. CUSACK

Evansville, Ill.

FOOTBALL ISSUE: THE VALIANT THREE

Sir:

In case checking your entire football survey, I came up with what I believe is an interesting footnote.

Southern Methodist University, the University of Pittsburgh and the University of Indiana each play four of Herman Hickman's top 11 teams.

These Valiant Three are to be established this year as giant killers. (And so far they are doing nicely at it.)

A quick survey shows that the HH top 11 teams play others in this same group as follows:

Michigan — three top eleven opponents
Michigan State and Notre Dame — two top eleven opponents

Army, Duke, Georgia Tech, Ohio St. and Oklahoma — one top eleven opponent

Miami, Texas A&M and Yale meet none of the top eleven.

An undefeated season on the part of any of the Valiant Three should surely mean the label National Champions at the close of the season.

Your survey is a great help to millions of news-conscious like myself who put our own backs for months after predicting an upset for SMU over Notre Dame (1-14-14-14).

EARLE F. FLETCHER

Dallas

FOOTBALL ISSUE: M FOR GROOMING

Sir:

I enjoyed Herman Hickman's predictions for this year but must take exception to his statement in his review of *Make* "that subject as rich as it is on Rudy Vallee's old man." Rudy Vallee graduated from Yale

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but was awarded a vanity letter at Maine for popularizing the *Meise Soin Song*.
C. F. ROBERTS

Grand Rapids

• Rudy Vallee learned the *Soin Song* as a loyal freshman at the University of Maine although he later transferred to Yale.—ED.

FOOTBALL ISSUE: MORE OF SAME?

Sirs:

Now, as a weekly publication, you outdid the so-called football annual in remote information concerning the football teams of the country (SI, Sept. 24) in beyond me!

Being a basketball fanatic, I am wondering whether you will have any stock preview of the nation's sage teams.

GARY PERIN

Cleveland

• Basketball will be previewed.—ED.

OLYMPIC BATH (CONT.)

Sirs:

I have a suggestion for Mr. Avery Brundage, to wit, if we are going to enforce amateurism, let's do it right! No half-way measures! Let's put our shoulders into it and drive! Fight! Fight! Fight!

I see no reason why any spectator who has at any time in his career witnessed, or who has had at any time any intention of witnessing or at any time associated with anyone who has witnessed, a professional sport should be allowed to foul the virgin air of our amateur annual!

Why, just the other day, while watching some of our unambitious young men prancing around the eldorado at a furious pace, I discovered to my utmost horror and disgust that seated next to me was Harry Blum, who is a rabid follower of the (ugh!) pro football Philadelphia eagles (capitalization would be unthinkable!). Naturally, I immediately scurried to the other side of the stadium.

I also think that we should build clean new stadiums all over the country, so that our true amateurs may perform with a complete feeling of respectability at all times. And how about the people who watch baseball on television—and pro basketball, and boxing. The very ideal! And people who work for a living in the manufacture of sporting goods... selling hot dogs, tickets... collect pre autographs... we'll show them, keep 'em out!

JOSEPH JACOBELLI

Philadelphia

WHERE TO GO?

Sirs:

Judging from the 1978 ISSUE (SI, Sept. 17 and 24) there are many who agree that Avery Brundage, well meaning as he may be, is not the man for the position he holds. The problem is what can we do about it? The elected government official who issues the public wrath finds himself out of office in the next election. Do we have any similar recourse as far as Mr. Brundage is concerned? Is it time the wishes of the sports-minded American people were served rather than those of Mr. Brundage.

Where do we go from here?

DONALD KROEMER

Ballston Lake, N.Y.

• See EVENTS & DISCOVERIES.—ED.

THE LUXURY of cashmere fleece

bleached with
soft brushed wool



This is the jacket that will take you through the seasons in style and comfort. Luxury soft cashmere and wool with styled for action features... big pleated pockets, leather topstitching, and the best and easy blowing back. Handmade in natural and pleasured grip.

Also available in brushed checked wool in grey and tan. 16-92

The Cedarbrook about 19-92

The complete lineup of Cresco sportswear includes suede leathers, nylon, corduroys, gabardines and wools in jackets and suits for casual living.



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Write for name of nearest store

"I WON'T WEAR A THING BUT TOWNE AND KING!"



says DUGALD MCTAVISH, author
and war veteran

Every week, all season long, the all-time All-American from Tennessee, poet, raconteur and football coach emeritus, gets some bonches. Twenty-five of them in fact. And every week, all season long, just in time for the *Saturday Night* Sports Illustrated prints them.

Hickman's Handies not only tell you what games to keep your eyes on. They set a pretty high average for telling you what you're likely to see.

HANOVER, N. H., August 31—Dug's manuscript, "The Poet in the Sheep She Suit" has just been accepted by Good Press movie rights are up for grabs. Well known as a personable personality, Dug tried to join the Navy in 1942, but his name handicapped him in his job. At 16, he came out of the Korean War a full corporal. Shows here, he's wearing T&K's crew neck pullover.

(NOTE: This crew neck, of rugged imported wool yarn, comes in your favorite colors: sizes 38-46...12.95.)

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AMERICA'S TOP WOMEN SAILORS

When seven four-woman teams met at Calhoun, Miss., for the Adams Cup, emblematic of the North American women's sailing championship (raced this year in 2160), the surprise entrant was the Port Worth Boat Club crew, captained by Mrs. Glenn Lattimore, which took the top spot of the Adirondack for the first time since the series started in 1926. Shown above are the competitors and some of the officials. Front row: Mrs.

Harriet Boyter, Jane Mooney (Port Worth); Mrs. Albert Morris, President; Warren's National Yacht; Nancy Walley, Lutha Darby; Meredith Allen, Julia Lantry (Edgewood, R.I.); Nancy Robinson, Mrs. Annary Bowles (Richmond, V.C. Call); Mrs. Alice Elyria (Chesapeake); Center row: Mrs. H. M. Lattimore, Diane MacFarland (Port Worth); Mrs. Ben Walker, Mrs. Wilks Wood (Cape Cod); Mrs. Robert

Smith, Mrs. Robert Blin, Paul Peters, Lee Sheer, Westhanger Beach, N.Y.; Sharon Cross, Mrs. Hild Tracy (Babson Y.C.); Mrs. R. A. Alcock, Mrs. Martha Williams (Chesapeake); Rear row: Mrs. Betty Kule, Mrs. Pauline Hatley, Mrs. Maude Kirby, Rosemary Carley, Beach Y.C. N.Y.; Mrs. Nancy Harkness, Edith Kelly, Mrs. Stuart Fern, Mrs. Mary Mitchell (London, Mr. & Mrs. Hope Cline (Chesapeake).

Memorandum to advertisers

Six months before SPORTS ILLUSTRATED had a first issue or even a name, and I was travelling around the country talking to potential advertisers. I found these in California highly interested in the idea of a new national sports weekly --- and almost all of them asking about the possibility, also of a special West Coast edition.

From that time on there was no doubt in our minds that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED would have regional editions as soon as it had had a chance to establish itself nationally.

In fact, regional editions seem so logical that it's hard to realize that before SI came along, no national magazine had ever had special sections for the centers of all three of America's largest marketing areas -- the Northeast, Midwest, and West Coast areas.

Here are some of the ways in which companies can use regional advertising:

Regional Distribution. The corporation that sells its products in only one section of the country. For example, Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey used our Eastern Edition.

The Local Advertiser. The retailer, hotel or resort that draws most of its clientele from the surrounding area. Or the industry-wide show in a single city.

Regional Preferences. The distiller, for example, who knows that one area is good for blends, another, for straights -- and uses SPORTS ILLUSTRATED to push both, simultaneously. Or the manufacturer who has already established his product in the East and wants to introduce it to the style-leading families on the Pacific Coast.

Seasonal Differences. The apparel advertiser, for example, who can now use SI's regional editions to sell sweaters in Milwaukee and tropicals in Los Angeles -- both at the same time.

Special Promotions. The national advertiser who can now stage a special promotion with a top Eastern distributor for Ivy League football, and a Rose Bowl promotion in California a few weeks later. Or the advertiser who supplements his national campaign with regional store-listings.

For all these reasons, and many more, we already have orders for 175 regional pages on our books, and we are sure that before long, many another advertiser will be discovering SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's regional editions.

Bill Holman

William W. Holman
Advertising Director



SWEAT SWEATER SHOWN... VAN HEUSEN VAN GARD... \$9.95

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It's As Bonnie As Scotland's Best! The "Vanalux" Sweater



A bronzy 100% Orlon Sweater that washes and wears wonderfully! Van Heusen has done it! Vanalux is an exciting new color sweater that would make any Scot break out into a highland fling. It has the softness and luxury of Scotland's finest sweaters—and much more. The color-range is magnificent—from brilliant tones to soft pastels to jet black. It washes like a dream—never loses its shape, never needs blocking, always stays smart. More—it's never on the moth's menu. Warm, yet lightweight, Vanalux is comfortable in any weather. Be sure and see it. Long sleeves, \$9.95. Sleeveless, \$8.95.

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